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Whither Refugees?

Editorial Foreword

THE REFUGEE PROBLEM on a tremendous scale again confronts human society. The Jewish race is again being persecuted as systematically as in the fabulous ages of Egypt and Rome and in more modern times under the czars. In greater Germany 500,000 residents are now unwanted by their rulers. In Poland two thirds of the 3,000,000 Jews are living below the subsistence level. In many other lands there are large populations — Jewish and non-Jewish, victims of religious, political, or racial persecution or of war or destitution — who are eager to move on. But where and whither?

"Back to Jerusalem," proves to be a somewhat sentimental answer. The Jews who have returned to Zion are proving their competence as practical farmers as well as professional experts. But the Arabs of today are no more willing to have them live there unmolested than, in ancient times, was Sennacherib or Titus.

WHITHER HEINRICH?

EVEN THE GREAT *Reichsführer* offers no solution for those he sends out into exile. According to a statement recently reported, he ridiculed democracies for their concern about German Jews while, he asserted, at the same time they hermetically closed their borders against these Jews. "Help they won't give them," he shouted, "but — moral support!"

Whither Heinrich, then, whither Israel? The humanitarian spirit that brightened human society in the age of Emerson and Queen Victoria is now practically extinct except in the United States. Even here spontaneous private philanthropy is in retreat, and the American people are being taxed and regimented into cold, compulsory generosity.

Whatever our present President is or is not, wise or foolish, he is a humanitarian. At his invitation this summer, under the chairmanship of Myron C. Taylor, there was formed at Evian, France, an intergovernmental committee to facilitate the resettlement of refugees. Another American is director of that committee, George Rublee. A man trained for leadership in the early American tradition of New England, he was the first graduate of a successful New England experiment, one of America's finest institutions for boys, Groton School.

In the conferences at Evian and London, in addition to the United States only little Santo Domingo made any practical offer for the reception of refugees. No one present had a plan for opening up the vast expanses of Brazil or Australia or the French colonial possessions. And all that the United States dared to guarantee was the annual admission of the 27,370 Germans (including Austrians) who are now

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legally allowed to enter by our quota system.

Mr. Rublee's duty is to

> undertake *negotiations* to improve the present conditions of exodus and to replace them by conditions of orderly emigration. He shall approach the Governments of the countries of refuge and settlement with a view to developing opportunities for permanent settlement.

Clearly any leadership in breaking the jam of refugees must come from the United States. A few years ago we were eagerly absorbing immigrants at the rate of 1,000,000 a year. Just how menacing, actually, to our economy are the 150,000 whom we now allow when 10,000,000 of our own people are unemployed?

In 1856 the Democratic platform referred to America as the "asylum of the oppressed of every nation." The concept of America as the haven of the refugee and the home of the free was for 300 years inherent in the fabric and tradition of American life. The present attitude of isolation is something foreign to our national character.

It has never been proved beyond cavil that our change of front in putting up the bars against Europe in 1924 was an act of profound wisdom. In favor of a less restricted immigration there are economic arguments and intangible psychological factors that have never been thoroughly examined. The invigorative influence of eager new labor on our railroads, on our highways, and in our fields and factories may have stimulated our natives far more than it depressed them by throwing them out of jobs. Similarly the infiltration of foreign professional workers, with their unique techniques, may cause anxiety in local institutions and yet in the year's balance sheet of national wealth add up to a plus rather than a minus.

Whatever the relation between cause and effect in American immigration, these are the cold facts: In 1907 we were a happier nation than in 1933. In 1907, immigration into the United States reached its peak — 1,285,349 expectant souls. In 1933, new arrivals were reduced to a meager total of 23,068, the smallest number of immigrants since 1931.

The immigration act of 1924 established the restriction of the quota system, which allows a total of 150,000 newcomers from Europe each year. It is possibly not without significance that this act, supposed to regulate competition, to protect American prosperity and make us a more homogeneous and happy nation, went into effect on July 1, 1929. The year 1929 will long be remembered as another kind of turning point in American destinies. Something of the joyous competition and freedom of American spontaneity and generosity went out in that year.

Immigration does not necessarily impoverish a nation. In our time we have seen how 1,500,000 human beings were moved from their homes in Asia Minor and given new homes in impecunious Greece. The result is almost a miracle. Greece today is more thrifty and prosperous than she has been since the days of Pericles.

It is a pity that our immigration laws have so greatly restricted the number of political refugees that we can absorb in a time when the need of refuge is so acute. What would 1,000,000 refugees mean to 10,000,000 here already out of work? It is quite possible that their eagerness and fresh enterprise and technical skill would accelerate our recovery far more than they would impede us. We have heard, in our recent crusade for public health, about our national lack of skilled physicians. Many of these immigrants are among the world's most distinguished physicians, and thousands of others possess various technical skills that we need. To the farming class, the South offers fertile opportunities for experts. Destitute areas in other parts of the country could be segregated for intensive co-operative efforts by pioneers who ask for nothing and are prepared to give their all in unstinted energy.

THE 27,370

HOWEVER, we must face the cold facts. Our laws no longer permit mass immigration but only cautious infiltration. Let us be generous within our limitations and true to the free traditions of the past in facilitating at least the entry of the quotas that we now allow. The immigration of 27,370 refugees each year from greater Germany is not an alarming prospect. Let us receive our refugees graciously, without casting stones at nations that exclude them. America can be generous enough to live at peace even with nations whose ways are not our ways and whose gods are not our gods.

Henry Goddard Leach

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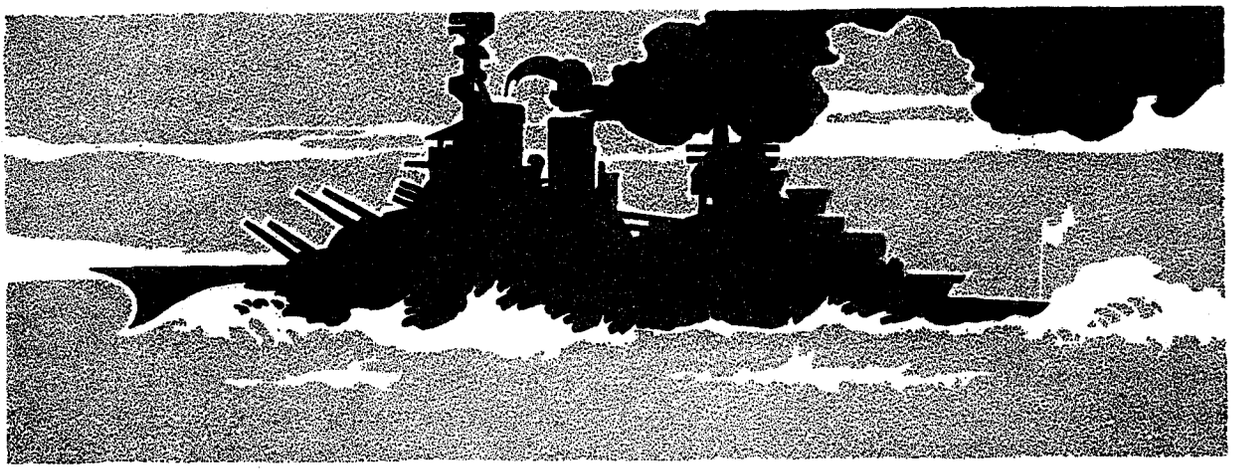
Our Yes-Man Navy



by **WILLIAM OLIVER STEVENS**

FORTY-FIVE-THOUSAND-TON battleships, a twenty-per-cent increase of the fleet, an extra billion for our first line of defense — that's the talk in Congress today.

But what about the navy personnel? What about its morale, its spirit — that which Napoleon said was to matériel as three to one?

The answer is that our navy's morale is at a lower state than any time since the doldrums of the eighteen eighties.

The officers of the navy are a fair representation of American manhood, and they are well trained for their jobs. But just now they are being reduced to the state of a flock of sheep in uniform — with the difference that even sheep may bleat when they feel like it, whereas a naval officer who makes the faintest sound of protest is cracked on the head and made into mutton. The navy is quaking with the jitters.

In any military organization, in any age, the great danger is conservatism. Rank is always right; hence the men who carry the greatest amount of gold lace on the sleeve make the decisions. These are the oldest men, and most old men resist change. Every important invention that has revolutionized naval warfare came from a civilian, and each was fought to the last ditch by the officers in authority — steam, armor, torpedo, submarine, and so on.

The British navy, just before the World War, was a good example of this.

In June, 1914, Admiral Sir Percy Scott wrote a letter to the *London Times*, pointing out the peril to Britain's grand fleet from aircraft and, especially, submarines. The letter caused a flurry, and the editor wrote to the moguls of the navy for their expert opinion.

The replies were to the effect that Scott's fears were nonsense. "The submarine is only a toy," said one. Another observed: "It is very vulnerable and can be driven away by machine gun fire or even a well directed rifle bullet."

Some six weeks after those expert opinions were published, one small, old-fashioned German submarine sank three British cruisers in fifteen minutes. For the rest of the war the British navy was in constant terror of submarines, and the battle of Jutland showed that the British navy (also, incidentally, the American) was far behind the German in everything, from range finding to tactics. The conservatism of the British admirals nearly cost Britain that war.

Similar conservatism in our navy may cost us the next one.

THE 'MERIT' SYSTEM

IN THESE DAYS of mechanized warfare, it is of the utmost importance that initiative on the part of officers be encouraged; that suggestions be given a hearing, even when they don't coincide with the ideas of the bureau chiefs.

So far, this has been neither easy nor safe in our navy.

Admiral William S. Sims nearly lost his official head when he tried to better the gunnery of the fleet.

In later years, Commander John Halligan

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expected to lose his commission and very nearly did, because of the letters he dared to write to the Navy Department about the Teapot Dome scandal.

Several years ago an admiral, when he came to the Naval Academy as superintendent, called on all the officers there to submit written statements of any recommendations they cared to make to improve the school. But all those who had ideas of change suddenly found themselves transferred elsewhere. Those who offered no suggestions or praised the *status quo* were undisturbed.

This same suppression of independent thinking, which is the curse of all military organizations, has been made far worse in our navy by the present system of promotion.

The old method, before 1900, of moving officers up by seniority, had its defects. Any numskull who managed to graduate from the Naval Academy was sure of his promotion thereafter. He went through the motions, drew his pay checks, and in time became a rear admiral. Some terrible specimens of morons and old soaks reached places of responsibility that way.

Then came a "plucking" board of admirals, whose painful duty it was to weed out of the navy a certain number of officers each year. It was a cruel remedy but it did cut some fine old rum blossoms and nitwits off the list.

Since 1916, experiments have been made with the idea of promotion by merit. The intention is excellent, but the way selection works in its present form has done more to wreck navy morale than anything in recent years — particularly since the plan has been extended down to the grade of lieutenant, thus involving three fourths of the personnel.

In brief the plan is this: For the various grades, there are appointed each year boards of officers senior to the men they are judging for promotion. These boards, composed of nine members each, go over the records of the men coming up for selection and decide who shall be promoted and who shall be left behind.

If the officers had faith in the justice of this method, there would be few complaints, but that is far from the case. The procedure is tainted by two corrupting influences — favoritism and malice. A word from the White House or a powerful senator or congressman counts heavily — sometimes not even a word is needed. Friendships and relationships in the service are very potent. Sons and sons-in-law of captains and admirals on the active list are pretty sure to move up. As between a man who graduated from the Naval Acadamy and one who came in during the war as a reserve officer, the Naval Academy man will get the break every time. Again, one commanding officer will give fitness reports that are all very high; another will grade his subordinates more severely. Naturally the board will be influenced by the higher grades.

In a recent hearing before the House naval-affairs committee, it was testified that eighteen lieutenants, junior grade, had just been selected for promotion who had been convicted by general courts martial of such offenses as conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman, conduct prejudicial to good order, drunkenness, violation of regulations, scandalous conduct tending to destroy good morals, and through negligence suffering vessels of the navy to be hazarded. These men, who presumably had the right friends, were wafted up to the higher rank, while other junior lieutenants, without a flaw in their records, were passed over.

But this favoritism is a small matter compared with malicious prejudice. One scandal of the system today is that black marks and accusations may be put on an officer's record without that officer's knowing anything about it. He thus has no opportunity to reply to the charges. The record goes before the board, and he is damned before he knows what has happened. The constitutional privilege of the accused, to be confronted with the charges against him, exists for the naval officer in theory but not in practice. From a decision of the board there is no appeal, and thus any commanding officer can kill a subordinate's chances without ever being called to account for his words. Even a subordinate may slip derogatory remarks into an officer's record by sending a communication to the Department.

An officer may go to Washington and ask to see his record, but if he happens to be in China or the Philippines he will have to be satisfied with wondering what hit him. A lieutenant commander testified before the House committee that he had not seen his record in fifteen years. No one is ever told why

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he is rejected and no one has a chance of reconsideration.

The man passed over carries thereafter a stigma. His chances of being "selected up" the second time his name is considered are prejudiced by his first failure; and, when he is rejected a second time, he is discharged, with 2 year's pay. Only if he has had 21 years or more of service is he retired on a pension.

Assassinations

Out of a mass of cases, the following are typical:

Lieutenant X entered the navy during the World War and by competitive examination won his permanent commission. In 1925 he was promoted to lieutenant. His record is without a flaw, studded with congratulatory letters from commanding officers and from the Secretary of the Navy, especially for his achievements in gunnery. Recently, an admiral called him the best turret officer in the navy.

For some mysterious reason — possibly the fact that he was not a Naval Academy graduate — he was passed over. After 20 years in the navy, with a shining record, he remains still a lietuenant at the age of 45, with his juniors promoted over his head. Why? No one can tell, nor is there any way of his finding out, for there is nothing derogatory on his record. He figures that he has suffered the loss of 700 numbers in rank. A court-martial conviction, even for the worst offense, such as piling a ship on the rocks, would hardly impose a loss of more than 100 numbers.

Lieutenant Y was serving on a battleship and received a very high rating from one commanding officer for his work. But the next captain immediately made trouble for him. A request came to the Lieutenant to sign a property pass for a man going ashore. Since this duty belonged to the officer of the deck and the seaman was in another officer's division, Lieutenant Y simply referred him to the proper authority. Suddenly he was summoned to the captain's cabin, lectured, and placed under three days' suspension. A letter reporting the Lieutenant's grave disobedience, as the offense was called, for refusing to go over the head of the officer of the deck, was sent to Washington.

This report arrived there just in time to go on top of Lieutenant Y's "jacket" in the Department files, so that it was the first document seen on his record when the selection board met shortly afterward. Of the four lieutenants on that ship, he was the only one passed over. Incidentally, he was the only non–Naval Academy graduate of the four, being a former reserve officer and a veteran of the World War.

That single report, preposterous as it was in the light of the facts, finished him. When he protested, he was sent off the ship and put under medical observation. A compliant navy doctor reported him crazy, a "paranoid," and therefore unfit for further service. Accordingly, he was retired from the navy. Since Lieutenant Y carried disability insurance, he applied for the benefit on the basis of the doctor's findings, but the physician of the insurance company refused, pronouncing him fit in mind and body!

The victim said: "I was assassinated by a piece of paper."

Commander Z was ordered to command a naval station out of the country. Soon after he took charge, he discovered a wholesale racket, contrary to law, naval regulations, and common decency, conducted by the medical officer. This man was selling government medicine at exorbitant rates to the natives and employees of the station. Another graft was the paymaster's closing contracts for milk, beef, and veal with a favored local contractor at double the market prices. Commander Z promptly ordered a formal investigation.

The grafting senior doctor and the paymaster were clubby, and the former happened to be an old friend of the chief of the Bureau of Navigation. The Department accordingly stopped the inquiry and sent down an officer to make an "informal investigation" — which is definitely prohibited by navy regulations. This officer made no inquiries of Commander Z during his investigation but consulted exclusively with the guilty parties and then returned to Washington. Next came an order detaching Commander Z. Subsequently he was passed over and retired.

When he went to Washington to find out what was on his record, this officer discovered that the doctor had sent in to the Department a secret report that Commander Z was a lunatic, a "paranoiac." This report of lunacy followed within one week a perfect bill of

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health, given to him on his annual physical examination. Yet it was accepted without question and placed on his record. It is eloquent of the power navy doctors have to get back at their commanding officers.

On top of that, the chief of bureau accommodated his pal, the doctor, by writing a very derogatory letter about Commander Z to the Secretary of the Navy. The victim knew nothing about the existence of this letter until he called to look at his record again. Instantly he produced documentary evidence which refuted the charges of the bureau chief, but, since it had to go through the Bureau of Navigation, the letter was deliberately pigeonholed there until after the board of selection had finished its session.

It happens that Commander Z has a fine record. For instance, he was the first man to recommend the convoy system during the World War, contrary to the opinion of the ranking officers. In recognition of this, Admiral Sims requested Secretary Daniels to write him a special letter of commendation. But all that made no difference. He is now out of the navy, stigmatized as unfit. Two rear admirals were so indignant over his treatment that they wrote protests to the Department, but even they could do nothing.

When Commander Z tried to get justice he was told that the case was closed. Of course, if the truth came out, it would make a certain rear admiral, a former chief of the Bureau of Navigation, look bad, to put it mildly. That would never do.

The moral is that, if Commander Z had shut his eyes to the graft, he might be a captain in active service today. This story is a fine object lesson to other officers never to start anything. The yes men get their reward.

THE LOTTERY

THESE THREE CASES are taken almost at random, two of them from the recent hearing before the congressional committee discussing the new bill, which is as bad as the old law. There must be hundreds of stories which have never been told. It is not easy to get a subordinate officer to talk freely before a congressional committee, especially if there is an admiral sitting by to hear what he says. Anyone who testifies against the opinions of the rulers of the navy is a marked man for the next selection board. At the same hearing from which these instances were culled, an admiral was requested by a congressman not to hold anything against a young officer if he spoke his mind freely — which is like asking the big bad wolf to be nice to the little pig when he gets him in a corner. For the present admirals never went through selection in the lower grades, and now they are safe. Naturally they approve the present system.

How many such cases of injustice there are can only be imagined. But, even where there is not the slightest taint of prejudice or malice, the greatest curse of this sytem is the ignorance of the members of the boards of selection about the men they are called on to judge. Even with the best intentions, these boards are faced with an impossible duty.

Admiral Sims was deeply interested in this problem, having served as a member of a selection board. Three years ago he published a pamphlet pointing out the evils of the system as he had seen it. He described the predicament of any member of the boards of selection in these terms:

> (a) He does not know the candidate.
> (b) He does not know his service reputation.
> (c) He has never heard his name before.
> (d) The candidate's report of fitness is practically the same as that of hundreds of other reports.
> (e) Of the great majority of hundreds of other candidates he has no knowledge either personal or by reputation.

Yet in this ignorance he is called on to make choices for promotion or rejection affecting hundreds of officers individually and the efficiency of the navy as a whole.

Admiral Sims observed:

> The present system is exceedingly unsatisfactory and is undermining the morale of the service. . . . The conviction is now prevalent that many very able officers have been passed over because they did not happen to be known by even a single member of the Selection Board and many less able officers have been promoted because they happen to be known by one or more of the members.

The average board of selection has far too many names to consider. It is virtually impossible for each member to examine the record of each officer, as he is in theory supposed to do; so the usual procedure, it is generally believed, is to parcel out the names among the members as a preliminary move. Each member then eliminates a certain percentage of the names on his list; the records of the men thus

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eliminated are never seen by the rest of the board.

A sitting of a board is not necessarily limited as to time. A board may sit as long as it pleases to accomplish the weeding-out process; but some of the members probably have come a long distance; it is costing them money, although they receive traveling expenses. In any case, they seldom sit the length of time requisite for a careful, dispassionate consideration of all the records they are obligated to pass on.

Here is a scheme that throws out 40 or 50 per cent of whole classes of officers, each one of whom it cost the country $25,000 to educate at the Naval Academy. About 1,000 of them were let out last year, including all branches of the service.

Certainly nine tenths of the officers retired involuntarily are as able physically and mentally to perform their duties as those retained on the active list, and they don't know why they were let out. When an upheaval like this selection ordeal occurs every seven years or so in an officer's life, the effect is shattering.

Who can blame the officer for becoming a yes man? The line of least resistance, of silence of flattery — greasing, as the officers call it — — is the safest. A personnel shot through from top to bottom with this fear of saying something, of doing something which might "queer" the chance of promotion, and anxiously currying favor with those who may some day sit on a board of selection is not one which will do much for the advancement of the service or produce the leaders the country needs in war.

The deadly inertia produced by the present selection system is evident not only in the supine attitude it induces in younger officers. What has a commanding officer to gain by doing his duty and reporting obvious unfitness of a junior? Very little; but, if the junior has powerful friends, he may rouse prejudice and enmity and jeopardize his own future. As a result, it is not uncommon for strangely equivocal reports to go into the records. A commander, having his own reasons for not wishing to report downright unfitness, will comment, for example: "In time, may become a capable officer," or even: "Plays the piano brilliantly," (!) thus effectually damning the individual without putting his opinion on record.

Note that this destruction of navy morale is being accomplished not only because capable officers are being passed over but even more because unarguable incompetents, plenty of them, are being promoted. A certain number of average officers must inevitably be left behind. In the junior grades, any board of selection can easily segregate a brilliant ten per cent and a definitely inferior ten per cent. If boards ignored none of the former and promoted none of the latter, the service could not complain.

For Efficiency's Sake

It is not for a civilian to prescribe the perfect remedy, but why not let the whole officer personnel have an opportunity to contribute its ideas for shaping a system of selection that will work? Meanwhile, certain evils cry aloud for immediate relief, as follows:

1. No derogatory matter should be put on an officer's record without his knowledge and the opportunity to make a statement in his own defense. All that is necessary is strict obedience of the Secretary of the Navy's order of October 9, 1934.

2. No material should be allowed to go on a man's record contrary to naval regulations or to be kept from his record by the same unlawful means (even when an admiral does it).

3. Some means should be provided to guarantee that the members of the boards of selection are supplied with better information about the candidates than they enjoy now.

4. There should be a board of officers appointed by the president, independent of the Navy Department and assisted by civilian attorneys, which would be a board of review reporting directly to the president. It would be a court of appeal before which an officer might under reasonable limitations, present evidence to defend himself and obtain justice.

The foregoing suggestions came from officers in the navy, and undoubtedly would be applauded by a large majority.

If ambitious young men realized what they were heading for in a naval career, as things are now, they would never try for Naval Academy appointments. Certainly any system which throws so many able officers out of the service, which continues to keep others who are incompetent or have been passed over and are eaten up with a sense of injustice, which puts the whole service in mortal terror of any original idea is intolerable.

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Is God Necessary?

A Debate

I—Man Must Save Himself

***by* SYLVIA STEVENSON**

RECENTLY the Church of England empowered a commission to decide what is the state of modern Christianity and how far fundamentalism has been undermined by science. The result has been a rather undignified *sauve qui peut* among the eminent churchmen concerned.

After considering, at great length and pomposity, such thorny questions as the nature of God, miracles, justice, and redemption, the commissioners announced their findings for the benefit of a puzzled laity. On original sin, for instance, the verdict is: "We believe that it is wholly unwarranted, being part of a profoundly unsatisfactory view of sex and sexual relations." That's fine. But then there is the question of the virgin birth. It seems, now, that people who have doubts about this may still, if they believe in the historical fact of the incarnation, regard themselves as good Christians. (The Archbishop of York here inserts a saver to the effect that he, personally, holds fast to the virgin birth — however his colleagues may waver.) On the other hand, as to the resurrection the findings are unanimous. "The fact of His rising, *however explained*" (the italics are mine), "is to be understood as an act of God, unique in human history."

Not a word, you will notice, is said of the other religions dating back to the dawn of civilization and beyond, which have included the redeemer story — even down to the virgin birth — in their history. Why don't the bishops read *The Golden Bough?* They are careful not to mention the other Messiahs who, considering themselves quite as much the emissaries of God, have lived and died with less acclaim because born in the wrong epoch. And they utter not one syllable about the large present-day body of spiritualists, for whom resurrection, so far from being a unique act of God, is a commonplace of the séance room.

Altogether, one has only to read this report to be struck anew with the hopeless inadequacy of revealed religion to satisfy intelligent thinkers nowadays. How many of us still truly believe in a God at all — that is, in an all-powerful, loving spirit who will somehow right all injustices in a future life and may even, if only we can find the right approach, be moved by our desperate plight in this one (for no other kind of God is of any use in time of trouble, mysticize Him how you will)?

Women, because in a special sense they are the givers and preservers of life — and because they had more time for it — had always a special interest in religion. A belief in almighty God, held without question by our great-grandmothers, gave them a background of stability which we lack. The complicated ritual of housekeeping and frequent childbearing, on the practical side — religion for Sundays and emergencies — rounded off their lives. They were not trained to analyze themselves, still less their religion. Faith was a virtue sent from God. Doubts were sins, to be prayed against and overcome. Often they were reconciled to the dreary household round (for not all of them were domestically minded, any more than we are) by the sweet, emotional excitement of church services, the tender intonations of a handsome young vicar, the sentimental hymns, with their vague, easy promises of bliss in the hereafter.

It was a case of compensation. Sometimes a rebellious soul went mad through inability to swallow the religious drug. But on the whole they were certainly happier — judged on the theory that a bird in a cage, never having known freedom, is probably happier than one free but forever harassed by enemies.

II

TODAY, HOWEVER, women have not enough housework to fill their days. The products of the stillroom and the orchard come in cans. The bakery and the laundry take orders

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by telephone. Servants, if any, will not stand a mistress in the kitchen. The drug of active housekeeping has gone, and with it the drug of an unquestioning religion. Women have time on their hands to ask questions of their souls. And the result is often a great uncertainty, a restless search for something to lean on.

I think it is to combat this uncertainty that American women, even more than the English (who still do some housework) rush so fast from one luncheon, committee meeting, or lecture to another. Bridge is another anodyne, because you *have* to keep your mind on the cards. Then there is the new army of psychologists who so obligingly, for a consideration, disintegrate your mind for you (rebuilding not guaranteed). There are the numerologists and astrologists, who in the daily papers announce that Monday is a bad day for business deals, while Tuesday will see the beginning of a new romance. Also gypsy fortunetellers (genuine Romany charms 25 cents extra) and Madame X, with whom appointments must be made under a false name weeks in advance. Not to mention Four Square Gospelers, Seventh Day Adventists, Christian Scientists, Groupers, and the rest, who give you God again but under such differing disguises that, if studied impartially, they practically cancel each other out.

There is, we agree, the same grain of truth in what each of them says — but a grain is not enough to satisfy the hungry. It is no doubt true that, if you learn to surrender your petty ego and merge yourself in the infinite, your fears and troubles will automatically disappear. The point is that, even if we could, we do not want to merge ourselves in the infinite — not in this life, in any case. And, as a substitute for the old heaven with harps, it does not greatly attract us either. We don't at all like the look of the people who are doing it (or say they are). They seem to us only half-people. We have an instinctive distrust of these white-faced, sexless individuals who live on nut cutlets, orange juice, and meditation — as also for their overpink, sexlessly hearty brethren who confess their sins in public and always in the most expensive hotels.

Rightly or wrongly we feel what they are really doing is, once more, drugging themselves, consoling themselves for the inadequacy of this life by postulating a future one in which they will be rewarded. And we don't want to resort to mind drugging. Something in us revolts from it as a confession of defeat, a form of suicide.

What then? If we can no longer believe in the capricious fairy godfather worshiped by our ancestors and if the new prophets seem as self-deluded as the old, with what hope can we console ourselves? What faith can we hold fast to, in conditions more rapidly changing, uncertain, and charged with menace than world conditions ever were before?

III

An answer I personally have found satisfactory lies in a sort of philosophy that does *not* demand the existence of God. It does not demand the pre-existence of any supreme or finished model. It puts the responsibility for the future on our own efforts alone — that is, on the efforts of the whole universe, of humans, animals, Martians, and whatever other entities, discarnate or otherwise, it may contain. The only thing to pray to is your own patience, courage, and resource, plus the general store of courage and resource so far achieved by the race, into which it is possible to dip, if you pray hard enough.

The religious may retort that this general storehouse is what they call God. It seems to me entirely different. It is not "almighty." It has not yet arrived anywhere. It is in a state of perpetual effort, experiment, failure, and beginning again. There is no certainty about it — only hope. But that hope has more sober reality than all the hysterical outbursts of the "converted."

If you look around, it seems to me you will notice that people in general do *want* to be kind, when it doesn't cost them too much, and that being kind makes them, as a rule, happier than those who are not. In the same way there is a tendency, on the whole, toward honesty and sympathy for the underdog (though not for the upper). *Love thy neighbor as thyself* does seem to carry a certain reward in general well-being, and more people are beginning to realize it.

"Ha, the devil quotes Holy Writ!" the religious will cry.

But why should it be assumed that this advice emanated from any deity? If it did, one can only conclude that the physician failed to swallow his own medicine — the oft repeated

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love of God for humanity resembling, when seen in action, Japan's for China. Why cannot we use our reason, so long kept in swaddling clothes, and admit that a human being wiser than his generation said it? Why not admit that, though it appeared as a sudden flash, like the discovery of wireless communication, it must have been the result of long fumbling with apparently disconnected materials that went before, of long experiment made by other humans?

Considering the above advice, then, let us narrow it down to personal relationships, since, being women, we are supposed to take an interest in only the personal aspect of any question. Loving anyone as yourself must mean getting inside his thoughts and feelings; we know nowadays how little use love is without understanding. That ought to have a special appeal for women. Don't all affectionate wives want to do just that with their husbands — girls with their lovers, mothers with their children?

If this sounds like advocating the Paul Pryishness of some well-meaning females which cause their families to stay out nights, I can only deplore the inadequacy of language. I don't mean anything of the kind. I mean the deep sympathy that entails entering into another's motives and obviates crude blame. If we can, we may receive some pleasant surprises as to the tendencies of human nature — with, of course, many unpleasant ones. It seems to be a question of which traits we shall encourage in ourselves and perpetuate in our children.

The next step, therefore, is to experiment with our own characters. Let us find out, little by little, what kind of motives, with their consequent actions, bring us the most satisfying moments. Let us discover, then, whether by our own efforts we can change these desires, even very slightly, in the direction we want — toward more happiness for ourselves and others.

If we can — and I maintain we can — this gives us some sort of stable basis for our faith. We get a steadying sense of power. It is no longer necessary to pray for grace from above, that is, to pray for forgiveness of our "sins" from the very force which created in us the desire to "sin." We are responsible to no one but ourselves and, indirectly, to the universe. If we want to push the world in the direction of love — of more life, of creation — we can do it. If we want to push it toward hate, toward death and disintegration, we can do that too. We must decide for ourselves.

"For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travailleth in pain together until now."

Those words conveyed to the speaker only the impatient waiting of humanity for the birth of the Christ redeemer. But to me they convey the idea of a universe originally self-evolved — as solids evolve from gases — which is *still* "in travail together," the aim uncertain, depending for direction on the efforts of individual leaders. It supplants the theory of a Being who said, "Let there be light," who invented this sorry scheme, on however vast and impersonal a scale. (And note that, the more impersonal your God becomes, the less use it is to pray to Him for a fine day for the picnic or not to let there be another war. You can't, in religion as in other matters, have it both ways.)

The consciousness of taking a hand in such a great experiment has one peculiar effect. It no longer seems to matter quite so much whether we, as Adah Jones or Eleanor Jackson, shall live on beyond the grave. On the whole, since the majority of humans have wanted it so strongly for so long in unison, it seems likely that some sort of personal survival has evolved by now. If not, it is for us, individually and collectively, to work toward that end. We must make our individual contribution so valuable and so full of vitality that dissolution cannot touch it. We may fail — but our granddaughters may succeed. As long as the struggle goes on. . . .

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II—Faith Conquers Where Reason Fails

by EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

Since Miss Stevenson has presented a personal philosophy, I am emboldened to present mine, acknowledging that it is my own and speaks therefore for none of the many others who acknowledge a belief in God.

Doctrine, with me, is not synonymous with God. He *is*. Doctrine is the explanation that men give to account for Him, explain Him. This being so, it is to be expected that men disagree on the explanations. Their disagreement does not, however, affect the fact. These doctrines are to me as the flaming swords of the angels at the gate of paradise. Some way, before man can enter in, he must satisfy his intellect. What will satisfy the mind of one man, so that he can open the gate, will not another. Hence the many varieties of explanations, theologies, differences of opinion. The important thing about them, it seems to me, is not whether they are logical or uniformly held — which I think a counsel of perfection among imperfect minds — but whether they have enabled men to pass the angels' swords and so find God.

This, of course, is the objective viewpoint of one who, like Miss Stevenson, views the whole panorama of man's many religious beliefs. Those who hold a specific doctrine naturally believe it to be the correct and true one; otherwise it would not convince them. Men who consider the adoration of the host in the Mass, confession, penance necessary to a knowledge of God will not see that men may come to Him through personal appeal to Him in an altarless church; and those who have found Him through a simple confession of faith in Him will not think that these things matter. Naturally, then, men emphasize the doctrines which they hold, even, sometimes, at the expense of their belief in God. But, because they do, I cannot jump at the conclusion that the inability of religionists through the ages, of Anglican bishops, spiritualists, and all the company cited in *The Golden Bough* to agree on what God is and what is necessary to believe about Him invalidates a belief that He is.

Granted, even for the sake of argument, that there is a God, would finite minds, limited to what they can apprehend by their five senses and with only one fifth of their brain cells active to date, be able to apprehend Him in His entirety, blueprint Him as He actually is? Would any spirit, force, person we could conceive be equal to what God, to be God, must be? Would our minds be able to conceive a being, spirit, or power such as God must be in order to be God? How is it possible to bring infinity down to finite comprehension? All, obviously, that men can do is to form such concepts of Him as they may. And the conceptions must necessarily vary with the intelligence of men. But that men cannot apprehend Him does not prove that He is not.

There is yet to be considered the reason for believing that He is. This is a belief that springs primarily out of man's unconscious but deep-seated feeling that back of every effect there must be cause, that everything came from something else. The one thing the human mind cannot conceive even imaginatively is a vacuum. Follow back the making of the world and the things on it as far as you will, through innumerable processes of physics or evolution or chemistry, and man, who cannot think of something appearing out of nothing, comes to the question: *Whence that?* So he comes to what he calls God. It is difficult to imagine what that first cause may be — yes — as difficult as it is to imagine space circular, time having no beginning or end. But, though difficult, it is less so than to imagine self-evolvement out of nothing. Even the gases which evolve into solids were gases; they too had a beginning, came from something else. This first cause, this beginning, men see in different guises, according to their knowledge, imagination, and insight — and laughable and tragic some of them may seem to others! But ridicule them as one may, this does not obviate man's instinctive demand that He be.

II

Man's relationship to this God is another matter. His realization of this, too, seems to spring from his need. Afraid of the elements he could not control, he wanted protection; afraid of himself, he wanted help there too.

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So he asked this God, whatever his conception of Him, for such help. Using his own mind, he did, of course, employ methods that seemed to him effective; and various they were — offerings of meat and grain and even human victims. As his conception of God changed, his methods of approaching Him changed. At last came the conception of God as the Father, "a loving spirit who will somehow right all injustices in a future life," in which, according to Miss Stevenson, women found compensation for the drudgery of their lives, with church services and handsome vicars thrown in. Barring the fact that the preachers to the American pioneers were not so handsome nor the services so pleasant as she suggests, with cold buildings, frequently no singing, and sermons four hours long, doubtless there is some truth in this.

But what of the women who, through the centuries of Christianity, have voluntarily taken up a life of drudgery in order to help others? What of those nuns who gave themselves to nursing, those Methodists who gave up fine clothes and diversions, the Christian queen who founded the first university in Britain, the St. Helena who learned Greek to help St. Jerome with his translation of the Vulgate, and Joan of Arc who died rather than deny her words? They found compensation, yes, but it was not a compensation to be likened to an anodyne. Rather it was like an injection of strychnine. They gained power and poise and strength to do things, many of them, almost beyond our comprehension today.

True, these women had little time to question their beliefs but took them ready-made. But I see in this something quite different from Miss Stevenson's view. I see that, regardless of proving the doctrine, they had the experience of God. In women's restless searching to this and that today, I see man's need to turn to something outside himself. If he could find it in himself, he would, it seems to me, have found it long ago. But the whole of history indicates that he has not. Had I space, I might outline a theory as to the reason. As it is, I rest on the evidence. I also see that what man turns to is always something that makes demands on him, asks something of him, enables him to work for something he thinks, at the time, worth while, transcends his own immediate ease and comfort.

Now there is nothing that makes more demands on him, asks more of him, has purposes beyond his own individual ease and comfort than acceptance of the Christian's God, no matter under what guise he accepts him. Far from being a drug, the acceptance is a challenge. To find out His will and do it is not easy. No mere merging of the ego in the infinite will do it. There is the demand for a rigorous self-discipline, a self-examination that makes men face up to themselves, and a striving for virtues that do not seem indigenous to man. So difficult is it, in fact, that men could not essay it did they not believe that help from this same God was available. This I do not see as compensation for inadequacy. Rather it seems to me a search for adequacy.

In this, its purpose is the same as Mrs. Stevenson's advice to those who would depend on themselves to serve. The difference is in the method employed. For this faith in God she would substitute hope in men. To realize this hope, she would have us use our reason to decide what we wish to become and then, because we know it wise, do it — in other words, raise ourselves by our own bootstraps.

Not thus, however, does man's mechanism work. Emotions do not take orders from the mind.

Though men know, for instance, that hate generates in the body a poison which results in disease, they do not, it appears, control their anger against Roosevelt. Men ardently desire peace — they know that it is necessary to their own preservation — but they do not control the ambitions, vanities, prides, greed that lead to war. And, even granted that there are a few who can muster the will to do it, with the great majority of men the will is the servant, not the master, of emotions. Looking back over history, I cannot see, even among the great leaders, many individuals whose minds protected them against their emotions. Some of the brainiest fell victims to their emotions in the end.

There seems to be necessary some motivation other than knowledge of what is desirable, to enable men to change. Reliance on God and desire to serve Him offer this motivation — or, to put it otherwise, faith in an over-all power and effort to meet its standards.

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III

"It is the very simple people," a great woman once said to me, "or the very intellectual who accept God."

The very simple, I suppose, because they can see God as an individual like themselves, with no questions asked as to how this could be; the very intellectual, because they are able to accept the fact that what they do not understand can yet be.

Not that it matters what kind of people believe in Him, simple or intellectual — certainly not their menus or complexions or manners, to which Mrs. Stevenson objects. To be of any use to mankind, God must not be exclusive. There can be no select circle to whom alone He is known. Men of every kind must in their different ways be able to apprehend Him, though none can comprehend Him.

Besides, opinions may differ as to appearances. The man who may seem to you a half-person, because he does not think and look as you do, may to me seem more whole than you yourself. Or you and he may just be different. The red man scorned the pale face; the Chinese called the Caucasian the white devil. Every language has a word of scorn for the foreigner. What one calls sexless heartiness may to another appear selfless friendliness.

I, for example, see the Groupers, to whom Mrs. Stevenson refers, quite differently. It was, in effect, through them that I came to realize the necessity of God. Not that they gave me an explanation or definition of Him. But, through evidence of what He had done for them, I realized what He might do for me. It seemed to me not only generous for them to share their experience to help me but also intelligent to present it in terms of results. It seemed a practical application of the thesis that "by their fruits ye shall know them." Certainly it is the effective way to convince human beings of the value of what one has.

The mind, I had long known, was a tricky instrument, given to building up defenses and excuses. These people had found something that broke down these defenses. They seemed able to face themselves. They had changed. More, they had a sense of power — not the sense of power that springs from faith in yourself, that so easily, as I had reason to know, feeds vanity and pride, and that so often leads to the egomania which ends in disaster, but the sense of power that comes from faith in yourself and something greater that seems to take hold of you. Vitality, too, they had, far beyond ordinary standards, and a direction and purpose in life. Very far, this seemed to me, from a nirvana in which individuality was lost for the sake of peace or a future life. It appeared not a confession of defeat but a determination of victory.

How their belief in God has done this it is not for me to say. Far better it seems to me to accept the phenomena than to wear ourselves out seeking explanations or to substitute a laboratory experiment based on an uncertain hope that men will suddenly do what they give no evidence of being able to do.

For the effect of such an acceptance really makes you co-operate in the process of evolving a higher form for men. There is not only the desire but the ability. Your contribution is valuable and full of vitality. You do not fail. That being so, you do not worry about the hereafter — any hereafter. For that you can leave to the same high source. The thing is to serve its purpose and in its strength to transcend your present limitations. And that, I believe, it takes a God — no matter how imperfect or childish our apprehension of Him is — to do.

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Life and Literature

*Are Women Outsiders?**

by **MARY M. COLUM**

VERY FEW WOMEN of outstanding distinction in their own professions are what are called feminists — at least not in the old-fashioned sense of the term, which implied some admixture of sex antagonism, some feeling of grievance against the male. The women of first-rate talents and high positions have, in our own time, anyhow, seldom been hindered by men; they have indeed generally been given a helping hand by the men at the top, no matter what scratches they may have received from disgruntled males who are their inferiors in ability. This is one of the reasons, perhaps, why Virginia Woolf, in *Three Guineas*, would like to have the word *feminist* expunged from the dictionary. Nevertheless, among women who have made their mark there seems to be a new outcropping of feminism — or call it what you will.

Virginia Woolf's own *Three Guineas* is the most overtly feministic book I have read since the literature of the old suffrage days, while Dorothy Thompson's less overt *Political Guide* is likewise an indication of such a trend. Vera Brittain's *Thrice a Stranger* is feminist, too, but more in the mode of the old suffrage days, while Gertrude Atherton's *Can Women Be Gentlemen?* is feminist in a personal way: She remembers the scratchings by the male feline.

> I have met with more meanness [she writes], spite, petty jealousy from men than from any member of my own sex. . . . Women take pride in the success of other women, but men seem to resent it as a personal insult.

However, she does say that the only spiteful, mean and petty men she knew were "knights of the pen in one way or another."

But the new outcropping of feminism is not an attempt to get back at male scratchings. It is a response, I believe, to the dangerous forms that masculine dominance is taking in the world today. Some clear-sighted women are discovering that, in spite of the advances women have made in the past half-century, they still cut very little figure where international affairs are concerned. The mitered abbesses in the Middle Ages had probably more of a say in settling affairs of import to large populations than have the highly educated, highly trained women of this day and age.

THE OUTSIDERS' SOCIETY

BY SUGGESTING, in her *Three Guineas*, an association of women that might be called the Outsiders' Society, Virginia Woolf incites a number of ideas.

First, we cannot help but be struck with the implication that women are outsiders even more largely than Virginia Woolf implies. That they are indeed outsiders we cannot help perceiving when decisions of international import are, as at the moment when I write this, being made. This is still a man's world, governed and directed in things of supreme importance by

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* Dorothy Thompson's Political Guide (*Stackpole, $1.25*) *and* Refugees: Anarchy or Organization? (*Random House, $1.00*), *by Dorothy Thompson;* Three Guineas, *by Virginia Woolf* (*Harcourt, Brace, $2.50*); Thrice a Stranger, *by Vera Brittain* (*Macmillan, $3.00*); Autobiography of William Butler Yeats (*Macmillan, $5.00*).

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men who can land the whole world in war without consulting women as a sex.

This man-governed world has not brought happiness to enough people; a large number find life tolerable only when they are a little doped by drink or drugs. The enormous trouble that governments take to keep people from drugging themselves, to abolish the drug traffic, the trouble that some governments take from time to time to keep people from intoxicating themselves with liquor — these are proof enough that, whatever men have done to advance the world, they have not directed or created a civilization in which people are happy. The few women in high governing positions have so much pressure on them through competition with men that they have not had sufficient opportunities for working on or putting forward what might be the specially feminine contribution.

What is this specially feminine contribution? From all that women have expressed in writing, not only in pure literature but in that particularly modern form of feminine expression, political commentating (the work of political publicists like Dorothy Thompson and Anne O'Hare McCormick), the feminine contribution would appear to derive from the fact that women believe in happiness, want happiness for themselves and their children, whereas men believe in something else, want something else — power or success or glory.

The urge toward happiness has not made much of a furrow in the world; it appears to be cherished as an aspiration toward something that might be achieved after death in the hades of the pagan world or the heaven of the Christians. Gertrude Atherton notes that she heard a priest over the radio announce that happiness is reserved for the next world and is not to be attained in this. So indeed we have all heard.

In any case, this feminine belief in happiness has not had much chance in this world. But indeed women have had so much trouble in getting anywhere at all and in getting any education at all that it is a matter for wonder that their ideas have made even as much impression as they have.

The Warrior's Recreation

It might be well if those women who believe that the influence of their sex in world affairs has been augmented in the last half-century pondered a little on what has happened in Europe this fall, on what, as I write this, is happening. Men are holding or have been holding councils everywhere, with the avowed object of keeping the world out of war, with the object of seeing how much can be salvaged of that civilization which mankind has built up. They are also deciding what will happen to the children born since the last war, the fate of young people starting life together, the fate of all the little careers, all the little businesses that our younger generation (like all the past younger generations) has started to build up for itself. What role are women playing while all these councils are being held, while hundreds of thousands of uniformed men are being deployed in maneuvers?

Well, for all the influence they visibly exert we might as well be back in the Dark Ages. While the daily papers are filled with accounts of tense happenings, the part taken by women in them seems to be limited to the role of some female nurses who have been applying hot compresses to Marshal Goering's leg, said leg having been put out of commission through the physical strain of standing for hours in Nuremburg watching and saluting parades of marching men. In addition to the first aid supplied to this leg, the female sex is credited with another achievement: Lady Runciman is described as doing her bit by helping her husband out in the matter of a German vocabulary. Of course, if we allow our imaginations to run riot a little, we may behold a vision of women as the "warrior's relaxation" after all the speechifying and saluting and the marching and the councils are over for the day.

For the rest, no women take part in the councils that are to decide the fate of them and their children, just as no women sat at the table in the Hall of Mirrors in Versailles when the provisions of the peace treaty were being drawn up. Women then were outsiders as they are today.

What is Virginia Woolf's suggestion, in *Three Guineas*, for her Society of Outsiders? It is mainly this: In the event of war, these women would refuse to make munitions or nurse the wounded; they would not fight with arms; they would do nothing at all to help on the war; they would not encourage their husbands or brothers to fight but would show a

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complete indifference. The psychological effect of this indifference, she claims, would be tremendous. "The Outsider will make it her duty, not merely to base her indifference on instinct, but upon reason."

But, even though the Society of Outsiders that Virginia Woolf contemplates is composed of a special class of women — those whom she calls educated men's daughters (and she is thinking particularly of England) — what she proposes for them seems to me an absolute psychological impossibility in any country. For, apart from the fact that nonco-operation has been shown to be an ineffective instrument and indifference a negative one, it is an impossibility, after a war starts, for any considerable antiwar group to hold together, especially if the weapons of this group are merely negative. In time of war, governments are able to deal with recalcitrant groups in a manner to intimidate all but the truly inspired, the truly heroic spirits. Virginia Woolf does not take into account that overwhelming force, mass psychology, the epidemic-spreading power of passion-obsessed minds. The idea of nonco-operation in a war is fine in theory, but in practice it never works out on a large enough scale to be effective.

But her investing women with the status of "outsiders" has immense possibilities in other directions. It has happened over and over again in history that the outsider has at moments an extraordinary power of dominating the people inside; somebody from another tradition, another race, another faith can put over his idea on whole populations. Napoleon, the Corsican, dominated France; Disraeli, a Jew, made England conscious of her empire; the founder of a religion in Palestine dominated the whole world.

All the European dictators at the moment are, in fact, outsiders — not only in race, as some of them actually are, but in that they belong to no ruling group and have no ruling training; they suddenly, as it were, found a place for themselves. A great deal of their magnetizing power comes from the fact that they have not the prepossessions of long established rulers. They have had ideas based on another outlook on the world. If it is possible for whole countries of snobs and courtiers accustomed to genuflect before the Romanoffs, the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, the Savoys, and the Sultans to accept as dictators house painters, stonemasons, and other workmen, it might be possible for high and mighty statesmen to accept the intervention of some women and their ideas in an effort to make the world less sterile than it is now and break up those abstractions that make for wars. Men have not despised women or kept them out of affairs more than the ruling classes of 25 years ago despised the Hitlers, the Stalins, the Mussolinis who now have the fate of the world in their hands or more than the ruling class in Turkey or China despised the Albanian Kemal Pasha or the Cantonese soldier, Chiang Kai-Shek.

The World We Want

Dorothy Thompson, in that large-minded consideration of current *isms* and *ists* which she has entitled her *Political Guide*, has a chapter called "The World and Women," in which she makes the notable remark that if there is to be a revival in the world of the truly liberal spirit it will come through the influence of women. Her whole conception of the world human beings want to live in —

> a warm world, a kind world, a human world . . . a world in which we will have such things as contentment, freedom, personal pride, opportunity for self-development, love, affection, and spiritual purpose

— is a woman's conception, a conception that will eventually have to be represented in every council chamber. She says truly:

> Whatever new programmes or governmental system fails to assist these very simple human desires is a ghastly failure. . . . What every woman who is conscious and sensitive knows, and she may know it even if she is not conscious, feeling it in her bones is that, in the America of today as elsewhere in the world there is a sterility of human relations in the family, in the state, an atomization, loneliness, frustration, lack of warmth and juice, hatred, cleavage, shrillness, mechanicalness, heading towards new disciplines which will not be self-imposed but coerced.

One can recognize the truth of this without being as much against disciplines, other than the self-imposed, as Miss Thompson is. Some countries and individuals would, under certain circumstances, disintegrate completely if disciplines were not proposed to them and perhaps even imposed on them. After a disastrous war like the last, the only salvation for some countries was an imposed discipline, just as, when a human being is about to disintegrate into madness, the only salvation for him is a discipline

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imposed from without. The self-imposed discipline is possible for the strong and the normal, but in all abnormalities, in people or nations, there is the need of the director; and there have frequently been times in history when the dictator was the least of many evils.

But what these modern European political disciplines and dictatorships amount to and aim at is explained in this *Political Guide* by a woman who owes allegiance to none of them but is herself an ardent adherent of liberalism. What Miss Thompson believes in firmly is the American Constitution, and her chapter, "Concerning Our Beginnings," is an inspiring profession of faith in the Constitution and the men who made it. These were men, as she says, of exceptional mental capacity and deep culture. The dictators of the modern European states are all proletarians — which may be a good thing — but they are also men without enough mental training, without enough spiritual enrichment, without enough culture to save them from perpetrating brutalities.

The Refugee Problem

The same broad grasp of contemporary political happenings is shown in Miss Thompson's *Refugees*, in which she deals with the gravest and most pressing problem of our times, the problem of how to deal with the thousands of men and women who are being expelled from countries where they (and in most cases their forefathers) have spent all their lives. In this book a concrete scheme is proposed, by which the cost of the settlement of refugees could be met, and their start in life in another country more or less assured. One like myself, for whom finance is a mystery, cannot pronounce on its soundness. But the author is so well informed and obviously has gone into it all with so much of her heart and brain that I trust her to have produced a practical scheme.

Still there is a second problem connected with the refugees, a psychological one of serious import in Europe anyway. Countries to whom a large number of refugees flee get, after a while, an antirefugee sentiment. This at bottom has little to do with race prejudice, as those will realize who remember the gradual dislike that arose for Belgian refugees after the first sentimental emotions waned a little. The other side of this psychological question is that the refugees themselves are not always conscious of the political embarrassments they can cause countries who receive them by propagandizing against the countries who have expelled them.

It is the business of all of us who want to comprehend what is happening in the world at the present time to make ourselves familiar with these brief books of Dorothy Thompson's.

The Inimical Male

Dorothy Thompson and Virginia Woolf are two of the outstanding personages of our time in their own lines, the one as a political publicist, the other as a woman of letters — a novelist, essayist, and scholar. Each knows her job thoroughly; each has an international reputation.

Virginia Woolf has evolved a technique of her own in the novel. She is modern in her methods, while her style is traditional: it is in that urbane, easy, intellectually sophisticated, Addison–Jane Austin line of descent. She is at home in the English language as few other living writers are.

The traditional rhythms, the carefully chosen words in *Three Guineas* may conceal from the casual reader the revolutionary nature of the ideas in the epistles that form the book. The notes and references in the appendix are in themselves a history of the struggle of women for education and self-realization and the status of human beings. More than any deliberate satire, this appendix shows the fatuousness of the highly placed personages who out of one stupidity or another opposed this movement toward human freedom. Those women who now take a university training for granted, as a man does, would be astounded to know the efforts that had to be made to get it for them by the pioneers of women's education.

When Emily Davies asked the help of the brilliant essayist, Walter Bagehot, in founding Girton, she received this reply: "I assure you I am not an enemy of women; I am very favorable to their employment as laborers or in other menial capacity."

Previously, a famous bishop in England had put up as an objection to women's education the fear that it would lead the country back to Papistry.

When the old universities of Oxford and Cambridge did finally admit the students of

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the women's colleges to their examinations, they refused to allow them to inscribe the letters B.A. or M.A. after their names.

Dublin University for a long time made a tidy sum by conferring degrees, for a consideration, on the women who were already entitled to them through having passed the Oxford and Cambridge examinations.

The opinions expressed in our day on the destiny of women may be partly owing to their lack of education, but consider this passage from the novelist, William Gerhardi:

> Never have I yet committed the error of looking on women writers as serious fellow artists. I enjoy them rather as spiritual helpers who, endowed with a sensitive capacity for appreciation, may help the few of us afflicted with genius to bear our cross with good grace.

The answer to this is that there are no women artists who could regard Mr. Gerhardi seriously as a fellow artist, and, whatever cross he has to bear, it is not that of genius.

The Professional vs. the Amateur

After Virginia Woolf and Dorothy Thompson, Vera Brittain, in her *Thrice a Stranger*, gives the impression that, expert enough writer and commentator as she is, she is fundamentally the intelligent and highly gifted amateur. She does not sense the difference between the important and the unimportant, between the significant and the less significant; and this ability is what really marks the difference between the amateur and the professional. She seems to have a conviction that anything that has happened to her or anything that she has done — a schedule for a day's work, the letters she indited to her family and friends (of which she seems to have kept copies), the letters she received from editors — is worth recording in a book. This naïveté may have a certain feminine charm, but, remembering all the books that are being daily launched on the world, she might have spared us the list of her lecture dates, of her visits and dinner parties, and of her instructions to the introducers of public figures.

Still, the first part of *Thrice a Stranger*, with her account of her reactions to life in an American university town as the wife of a visiting English instructor is very well worth reading; her account of the faculty life, the effect on the faculty wives of the meager salaries paid their husbands, the scarcity or absence of domestic help, is sympathetic and very revealing; written from the European feminist side, it throws a light on the lot of faculty wives in an American town, on the narrowness of their lives and their interests.

Vera Brittain with her busy feminism must have been more than a trifle disturbing in the university town where she was first a stranger in America. Her liking for this country increased with the sale of her books. "By their belief in me and my works," she writes of her publishers, "they created for me a new America of which I was slowly and incredulously becoming aware." This seems to be taking oneself and one's works a little too seriously.

The Conqueror Artist

After all these books dealing in one way or another with public affairs and in the manner of the impersonal and objective writer, it is to go into another world to read the *Autobiography of William Butler Yeats*. For what Yeats is concerned with is not external happenings — although he played a considerable part in his early manhood in Irish revolutionary politics and in later life has been a senator. The problem with which he is constantly occupied is the problem of artistic creation and with what goes with that problem — the problem of personal realization.

In a preface to one of the sections of this autobiography he writes of some of his friends:

> They were artists and writers, and certain among them men of genius, and the life of a man of genius, because of his greater sincerity, is often an experiment that needs analysis and record.

Well, here the life of a man of genius is given its record; here are unfolded 60 years in the life of a great poet, of a man of thought; and here are the experiments that made up that life given analysis, generally a very subtle analysis. This is a book on a very high plane, the plane of an untrammeled intellect nurtured by painters and poets and men of thought, enlivened by passionate patriotic impulses, intensely curious about a side of life which may form the ground for one of the next advances of humanity — the psychic life which, under forms such as astrology, mediumship, apparitions, symbols to induce visions, and incantations, has been so important in the life of this man who has been so clear-sighted and has accomplished so much.

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Reading this autobiography, made up of various short volumes of memoirs published from time to time in the last 25 years, we perceive now that the only other book to compare it with is Goethe's *Dichtung und Warheit*. Like Goethe's, Yeats's autobiography is informal; unlike Goethe's, it has no story interest; unlike Goethe's again, it has no romantic evocations of the women of a poet's youth. But both autobiographies are accounts of the intellectual development and integration of poets who are also deeply concerned with abstract problems.

The conclusion that dominates the whole of the book is that culture as defined by Walter Pater and Cardinal Newman, the "wise receptivity" of Newman, the "hard and gem-like flame" of Peter, is too passive, too feminine. He turns from this to the culture of the Renaissance, "founded not on self-knowledge, but on knowledge of some other self, Christ or Caesar, not on delicate sincerity, but on imitative energy." Yeats's own doctrine of Masks is bound up with this idea of "imitative energy."

It is a cause for rejoicing that a book like this, with its difficult ideal of self-realization, has been published in our day when so much that is offered us is the facile work of people who have barely emerged from rawness. The writer of this autobiography is one of those great men who are not only artists but prophets and adepts, one of the few left us.

Forum Poetry Contest Winners

for the most compelling poems challenging
the American people to be alert to their liberties

Judges — Padraic Colum William Allan Neilson Carl vanDoren

First prize, $300, to Paul Engle, of Stone City, Iowa,
for *The Bones of the Buffalo*

Second prize, $150, to Kathryn Peck, of Hollywood, California,
for *Your Flaming Blood Is Smouldering in Our Veins*

Third prize, $50, to Elsie Taylor Du Trieuille, of Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania, for *Hail Ye America*

Winner of the Olivet Writers' Conference Fellowship
will be announced at a later date

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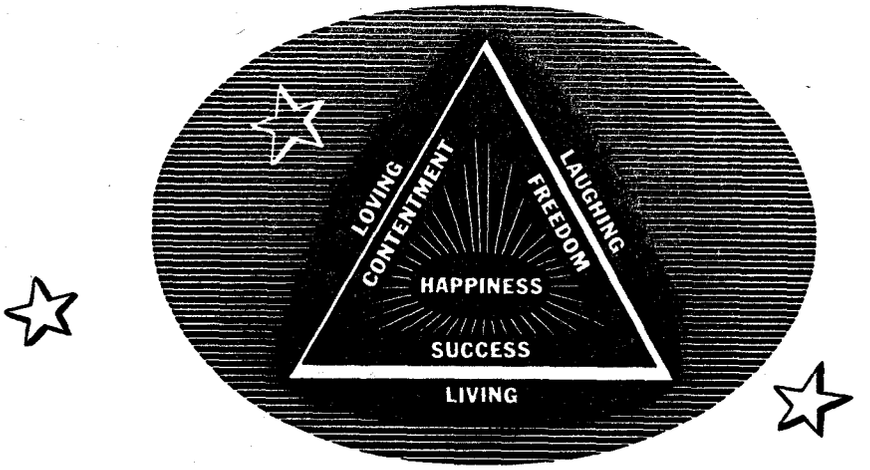
Problems in Living



by **WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON**

IT IS TIME to report results. Here's how some of our Clinic members have solved their problems. The solutions reported are selected from many, with the hope of helping those who have sent in similar cases.

This seems to be marriage-question month, and our first discussion is intended especially for Clinic members who have asked that most important question — *Shall I marry now or wait for better times?* (E.T.C., Florida; Miss A., Cleveland; R.M., Toronto; Esther W., Massachusetts; E.D.S. and "Bewildered Girl," California).

Marriage Is Worth Not Waiting For

A CLINIC MEMBER, whom I call, at his own suggestion, "simply Ed," graduated from college two years ago and holds a clerk's job at $35 a week. Ed became engaged, last year, to Grace Brooks. Grace works for the same company at precisely the same salary. They are genuinely in love and well suited to each other. Grace wished to marry and go on working. But Ed's pride rebelled. He didn't want his wife to work and he felt that he could not support her adequately on his present salary. So he wrote me suggesting that I *advise Grace to wait until Ed got a better job.*

Instead, I wrote Ed the following history of another couple who put off marriage two and a half years.

The man in that case insisted that he must be able to support his wife decently at home before he married her. The girl, as girls so often do, gradually changed her point of view to agree with his. She came to believe that a wife should be supported. But time went on, and the man's salary remained about the same. Then, quite suddenly, the girl married a very wealthy man. Psychologically, her former fiancé was responsible. He had changed her whole concept of marriage. She had come to think of it not as a love union which was worth any effort or sacrifice to achieve but as a semi-business partnership in which the woman's duty was to run the house and keep up the man's pride and social connections. If this was marriage, she reasoned in her feminine way, why not take the best man she could get for that sort of a husband role? She did.

Ed discussed this case with Grace; they argued about it for a week. Then they were married — and Grace went on working. Both of them have written me, since, that they are "wonderfully happy."

Ed says:

> I must have been crazy to let a little thing like masculine pride stand in the way of marriage. We are very comfortably fixed with the money we both earn and we have so much fun together! All our friends envy us. This is LIVING!

The right kind of marriage is the core of harmonious activity, the very heart of life itself. Marriage shouldn't be entered into lightly, impulsively. I have never advised anybody to rush into marriage — it is too serious a proposition. There are many items beside passion that have to be added and subtracted

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before deciding on marriage — temperaments, personalities, family obligations perhaps or previous entanglements, and always the question of a practical plan for adequate finances. But, once these things are set, marriage is worth the effort of sweeping minor barriers into the rubbish heap. What are pride, prejudice, and social trivialities compared with the happiness of a home of your own? If you can have that happiness today, it is a crime against yourself and against the person you love to postpone it, with arbitrary willfullness, until a tomorrow which may never come. It is like gambling diamonds against peanuts.

Marriages of well-mated people are put off for so many silly reasons. Here are just a few from my files.

A girl had been taught by her mother that she should "have fun, gaiety, freedom" for two years before she married. Her fiancé concluded that she was a frivolous fool and married somebody else.

Another girl postponed her marriage until she could go to Paris and buy gowns — she was killed in an automobile accident.

A man wanted to be sure the girl loved him — this happens oftener than you'd think, because men take their own futures so seriously — and the girl, hurt, broke their engagement.

Those who make marriage difficult or put a bounty on remaining single are committing a greater social wrong than they realize. The depression theory that married women should be denied jobs left scars that will never heal.

In Washington, D. C., a good many young women got divorces to keep their jobs.

In several firms I know of in New York and Chicago, the ban on married women started an undercover epidemic of clandestine affairs, leading to the habit of sexual promiscuity.

Many a young couple married and kept the marriage secret for years, not daring even to speak to each other in the office. The result inevitably — phobias, nervousness, neurasthenia.

What a shortsighted policy, to drive women insane and upset the characters of young men who could afford to marry only girls who also held jobs! Psychological sense is always against blanket rules that upset right living. Each case should be considered on its own merits. Marriage is a permit to live which should be denied no one and which is worth any honest price when available.

Your Only Security Is Courage

Many Clinic members have written about security. They find themselves upset, disappointed, their lives thrown into sudden panic and confusion by unpredictable events in this hectic world. They want home security, business security, love security. And what they get instead is disaster and despair.

For them I give the case of Mrs. Gale, a correspondent whose solution of her own problem furnishes the true answer.

Ethelinda Gale was down, literally, to her last cent. She sold 2 3-cent postage stamps for a nickel for carfare home. The friend she lived with did not know, herself, where next month's rent was coming from. Mrs. Gale was 46; her husband was dead; the firm she had worked for had folded up. Nobody wanted a woman of Ethelinda's age and experience.

"Oh, my dear!" her friend cried, "I am so worried about you! You must be frantic."

"But I'm not," said Mrs. Gale. "I am not worried in the least. I managed to get home today. Somehow I shall manage to find work."

She did — by creating a job for which she was peculiarly fitted, in a hospital. The first month, she worked for board and lodging. The next month, she was put on a salary. Now, she is head of a growing department, her work regarded as indispensable.

Ethelinda Gale, in the darkest depths of her private depression, relied on herself and felt safe. She *was* safe, because she possessed courage which never failed her. Within her brain were resources capable of supplying all her needs. The event proved that.

Events will prove it for you, also, if you cultivate courage like Mrs. Gale's. Every normal human is equipped with power and ability to solve his problems. Any jam which you get into, in the ordinary course of events, you can also get out of. The only exception is a mental jam which is caused by your running away from the situation you have to master. So long as you face it and marshal your inner resources, you will pull through in the end with flying colors. Courage is the quality which makes you delight in battling problems — the tougher they are, the more fun to attack. And courage gives you the necessary drive to strain every nerve and muscle to the uttermost, until triumph is yours.

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Love, health, home — none of these can be secure without courage. Security comes from within and not from without. It depends on self-reliance and not on outside assistance. It is an awareness of the trust which you place in yourself and it cannot be shattered by the lack of faith which others have in you, so long as you have courage.

We Pass This Way But Once

Mrs. Wallace T., of Texas, reports the case of her young nephew, as follows.

"Look, Dad!" The boy rushed into the living room where his father was reading the paper. "I won the English prize for the best story in high school! Here it is — they let me bring it home so you could read it."

The father glanced up briefly from his newspaper with a frown of annoyance. "For heaven's sake," he snapped, "let me have a little peace — can't you see I'm reading? I'll look at your English paper later."

"Oh!" Young Tom turned toward the door, a look of utter disillusionment on his face. "All right, Dad." He went into the back yard, took off the cover of the garbage pail, tore his prize-winning story into many small pieces, and dropped them into the container. Then he clamped the cover on and rode off on his bicycle.

A week later, prompted by the boy's mother, Dad asked about the story.

"It wasn't any good," Tom muttered. "The heck with the prize."

His high-school grades in English began to drop. The last month of that school year, Tom received a failing mark.

"I'm no good at writing," he explained sullenly to his father. "I don't want to go to college next year, anyway. I'm going to work in a garage."

In vain his mother pleaded, and his father stormed. Tom's young spirit had somehow been twisted by the belittling of his great accomplishment. He had planned for years to be a writer — but never again. That path to self-expression had been definitely closed, and he was off on a long, lonely psychological detour.

Tom's father would have given anything to undo what a few seconds of selfish irritation had accomplished. But human events had moved beyond his reach. He would never pass that way again; the golden opportunity to praise and appreciate his boy's progress was gone forever. Tom can be helped — but on a new path, not the old one.

Human beings are dynamic, flexible creatures, continually in a state of evolution. They evolve this way or that, according to the little pushes and pulls of other people at crucial moments.

You who are bosses, who have men and women under your direction in business, carry a daily responsibility you little dream of. Here is a clinic problem that was solved with the help of an understanding chief.

Jerry B. had been going from dull to duller in his job. His ambition began to wane when a certain research report, on which he had expended the best efforts of his mind, soul, and body for six months, died in the president's office. The busy executive had remarked, "No sense in doing research on this subject," and had thrown Jerry's able analysis into the wastebasket.

When the youngster learned what had happened, he felt utterly defeated. "If the best I can do is no good," he wrote me, "what's the use of trying?" From that moment, he had been going downhill in his work.

But I felt he had not gone too far to recover. All he needed was a little encouragement.

The president was persuaded to read a carbon copy of Jerry's discarded report. He scribbled on it a few words that meant all the difference, to Jerry, between hopelessness and progress: "Fine piece of work, though subject not practical for present action."

That brief memo gave Jerry just the push he needed toward success and happiness. The young man's work now is improving steadily.

The president was just as fortunate as Jerry. He caught the opportunity before it passed and made an efficient, energetic employee out of a down-and-outer.

Whenever you contact a fellow human who craves your sympathy, your understanding, your encouragement, you are treading a path which may never open to you again. Don't ignore it. Don't let absorption in your own concerns make you blind to another's needs. We pass this way but once — let's give the other fellow the lift we too may need some day when destiny brings us to a crossroad.

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They Said I Was Mad

ANONYMOUS

AN UNUSUAL SEQUENCE of events led up to the story I shall relate, and that the whole account may be a strain on credulity I am well aware. Nevertheless I submit it in the hope that, in some way, it may assist those unfortunate enough ever to find themselves in like circumstances.

For some time I had been worrying over a number of business and personal matters. I had, for the first time in my life, been lying awake nights, going over and over the same ground mentally, until I seemed to have worn a path in my mind. My inability to get more than an hour or so of sleep out of the 24 continued for a couple of months, and I grew gradually more and more tense as hours on hours of wakefulness accumulated. I went on with my work at the office but I realized I was becoming high-strung and easily irritated.

The early part of April, an older brother, a physician practicing in a western city, wrote me that he was planning a visit to New York. As I particularly did not wish to be fatigued and run-down during his stay, I began taking a drugstore bromide. This, instead of having a quieting effect, seemed rather to stimulate me.

I went to work every day and, although I recognized that I was not exactly myself, I was not alarmed at my condition. But I seemed rather irresponsible after a couple of doses and do not know how much of the "safe" remedy I took or how often I took it. I believe no one noticed anything unusual in my manner, except that those most closely associated with me in business realized I was more easily stimulated and excited than usual.

A friend phoned me one morning about this time, and I told him I was much distressed over the illness of a sister. I recall feeling a tinge of unreality about this at the time, and, when I learned later that my sister's illness had no basis in fact, my only explanation was that it must have been a very vivid dream which I confused with reality. I met my brother the day of his arrival and, after spending a couple of hours with him, I left for my office. I had said nothing to him about not feeling well; he had come to New York for rest and recreation, to get away from illness and complaints. On my way to the subway, I became suddenly so exhausted that, instead of going to the office, I took a taxi and went home to bed. I had eaten little or nothing for some days, and my strength was not sufficient to keep me going, except in spurts, when I got up and did quite unusual and unaccustomed things without taking time for thought or consideration as to their advisability.

My brother insisted on giving me amytal to relax and quiet my nerves, although, as had always been my habit, I protested against medication. I do not know whether other drugs were administered or not but I remember frequent dosing.

A curious commentary on my state of mind at this time is that I threw what I had left of the bromide down the incinerator without saying anything to anyone. I don't know whether I feared I should take too much of it or whether I wanted to keep my brother from knowing anything about it.

My mental activity increased by leaps and bounds. I was engrossed in more "original" ideas than I had had in years. I tried a number of times to get some of them down on paper but found my thoughts were scattered and I was too weak to sit at the typewriter for any length of time.

I began to lose track of events, except an isolated one now and then which impressed me particularly. At odd times of day and night I got up and dressed and went out. After I was out of the house, my purpose for leaving home would seem to fade into thin air, and, bewildered, I would try to get back.

Once, in the very early morning, I went out

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with only my fur coat thrown over my dressing gown and nightgown. I recall succeeding in getting a taxi driver to go through a red light and the consequent altercation with a policeman, whom I was able to convince that it was necessary.

My outward aplomb was deceiving. I was perfectly able to put on a sensible front to the casual observer, to let myself in and out of the apartment with my keys, pay taxi fares, give addresses, etc. My mind, however, was almost wholly occupied with the idea that I was being guided by psychic forces, giving me explicit directions.

My last fling was a trip to the office, in the financial district, late on the night of April 15, to prepare an income-tax return. I arrived, got my working materials together, and then found that my eyes would not focus on the figures. In despair, I sat for some time — I don't know how long. Finally I started home but was unable to find the subway station. I wandered helplessly through the deserted, dark canyons of New Street and Wall Street, realizing my dilemma in a vague sort of way, and finally succeeded in reaching the subway and getting home, where my brother and niece were waiting anxiously for me, having come to my apartment from a dinner party and found me missing. I fell exhausted at the door, so completely at the end of my endurance that I could not enter the house without help. I remember feeling grateful that my strength had held out so that I did not fall in the street. My one thought had been to get back safely to those whom I had all my life loved and trusted.

By this time, my brother had telephoned my two sisters in Chicago, and they were on their way to New York, although I did not know it. For the next 24 hours my rest and sleep was only fitful, but I was kept safe indoors.

II

After my sisters arrived, hurried consultations were held with my closest friend, who was quite ill, and with my employer, neither of whom could shed any light on my condition. That a nerve specialist should see me and diagnose my case seems not to have been considered essential. I understand that I was quiet and tractable for the most part and still wonder why time was not taken to arrive at an unhurried decision on what course to follow.

I have tried diligently to rationalize this apparent lapse on the part of my family, and, although it is difficult in retrospect to view their attitude as reasonable, perhaps other well-meaning families under similar circumstances might do the same thing. They certainly were not motivated by any purpose except to relieve and help me, but our lives had taken divergent paths for so many years that there was little, except my unusual and irrational behavior, on which they could base a judgment of my condition. I had always been notably calm and collected. I had often heard my brother say I was so very sane that it amounted almost to a disease. My family knew nothing whatever of my recent life, and by this time I was so thoroughly drugged that I was unable to give any helpful information.

I presume that even a suggestion of mental affliction in a family must strike terror to the hearts of the members and start them wondering how soon similar aberrations may be evidenced in themselves. This is surely one form of illness on which one's own family is peculiarly unqualified to render judgment unclouded by personal emotion.

Within 24 hours after the arrival of my sisters in New York, we were all on a westbound train, on our way to a private sanitarium not far from Chicago (but I did not know it). The next thing I recall after getting on the train is waking in the berth of a drawing room, my family hovering over me, urging me to take more medicine. I had fought against it consistently from the beginning, each time as long as my strength would permit, but with no success.

I was admitted to the sanitarium late at night, but my next return to consciousness was a shocking one, as I had been led to believe I was being taken to my sister's home. I found myself struggling with three or four white-clad attendants, all of them in a temper at my behavior. We were in a bathroom with barred windows. In tubs set side by side were two stark-naked, babbling, incoherent elderly women, chained by the ankles to the tubs. I was actively objecting to having been put in the same room with them. It was quite evident that I had been for some time — and for the first time in my life — indisputably the "life of the party." I was shocked and humiliated.

After I finally got back to bed, exhausted,

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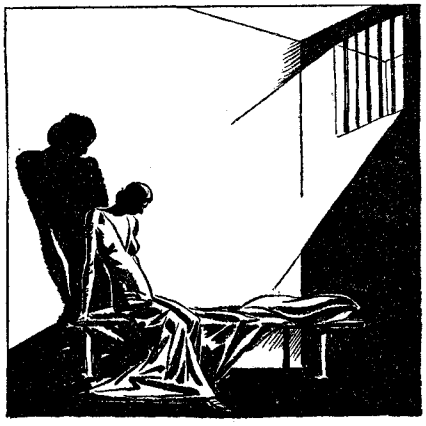
the enormity of my predicament began to percolate slowly through my drug-dazed mind. I was desperately tired — but dared I lose myself in sleep in this horrible nightmare of a place? Where was my family? Through a combination of tragic circumstances and misunderstandings, I had been degraded and humiliated beyond all belief, and my pleas of sanity fell on deaf ears. My door was locked; there were heavy bars at the windows; and even the furniture, aside from the bed, was separated from me by bars.



I was too exhausted to be very troublesome again for some time, until a violent muscular reaction set in, I presume as an aftereffect of the quantity of drugs I had consumed. A special nurse was not assigned to me, although I understand my family gave instructions that I was to have every possible attention. The night attendant was in charge of the entire ward and must have resented the fact that I could not settle down and go to sleep. I was as unable to cope with the excess of muscular energy I experienced at this time as I should have been to dam Niagara itself. My mind was taking no part in it; I was conscious, though unco-ordinated.

I believe this physical reaction could have been controlled by permitting me some form of exercise; but, when my condition forced me out of bed in the night to pace the floor, the attendant went into a perfect frenzy of fury. She threw me against the wall and dragged me about by my hair until I was black and blue from head to foot. I had a black eye; my face and nose were discolored and swollen out of all recognition; I had two sprained toes, a dislocated finger, and (I found three months later) a twisted pelvis, as a result. My scalp was so sore from my being dragged by my hair that for days I could not even smile without extreme pain. My injuries received no attention but were left to heal themselves. At no time, at least while conscious, had I been the aggressor, and it was only when I was abused and manhandled that I tried to fight back. I had never before in my life come in contact with physical violence.

III

I AM RATHER SMALL and not at all strong physically, and it goes without saying that I still had a quantity of drugs in my system when women particularly picked for their muscle could not keep me under control. A very small proportion of these attendants are registered nurses; many of them I found later, by indirect inquiry, were ex-domestics. They had the physical strength required; and a trained mentality was evidently not a requisite. This particular night attendant, I later gleaned, was dismissed after continuing her abuses for two nights and then calling in a male attendant to administer a hypodermic to me.

There are simply no words to describe the effect on my spirits of this physical violence and the verbal abuse and filth showered on me. But that I had been subjected to any mistreatment was formally denied in writing by the head of the institution after my departure. That was one of my "hallucinations"! Also, a bill for the services of a special nurse during my entire stay was later rendered and was paid by my sisters. This is in itself evidence that my mental competence at this time was misjudged. At the end of two weeks, a special attendant — in effect a keeper, was assigned to me, and dogged my every step. For the first two weeks there was no one assigned exclusively to me, and during the first few days, when my need was so desperate, I had no one to be with me — no one to talk to me, to reassure me, to see that my ordinary needs were decently taken care of, no one who took enough interest in my condition to realize that the miserable ventilation of which I frantically complained was depriving me of oxygen sufficient to counteract the poison of the drugs.

The doctors on the staff wandered about occasionally, conversing with patients. If the conversations with others were no more enlightening and helpful than those with me, from my point of view they might all better have been dispensed with entirely. As far as I know, I received no treatment from any doctor during my stay, unless one counts a test of

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muscular reaction and blood pressure, a blood and basal metabolism test.

At first I hoped to see one of my sisters appear any minute, but this hope gradually faded. I received letters from them after several days, most peculiar and unnatural in tone, telling me that they would come to see me when they had an opportunity — that they were very busy!

I was physically, mentally, and spiritually exhausted. Through the thin partitions of my room, the incoherent mutterings, mumblings, and chatterings of my fellow prisoners were plainly audible, and frequent shrill and prolonged outbursts at first terrified me. My mind would give me no ease or respite, and my depleted mental state furnished little resistance to the torturing thoughts ceaselessly bombarding my consciousness. I was hurt — hurt to the marrow of my bones — at my desertion in this hell by my family, who were the only human help on whom I could count; and so my mind went on and on and on, interrupted only by the noisy ravings of those about me.

IV

With what seemed at the time a superhuman effort of will, I tried to gather my scattered forces together. I must find some way of occupying my mind. Still somewhat dazed, I took the paper lining out of dresser drawers and fashioned myself a notebook. I secured a pencil from a patient near me. My mind groped about for something to concentrate on, and I soon found myself hard at work on an outline headed *Sanitarium Reorganization*. The subheading was *Suggested Changes in Policy*, and under that I listed four divisions:

1. From the staff physician's point of view
2. From the nurse's point of view
3. From the patient's doctor's point of view
4. From the patient's point of view

I worked away busily at this for some time.

Under No. 1, I suggested first that staff doctors should refuse formal admission to any patient in a drugged condition. If there was any evidence of his having been drugged or if there was any doubt on this point, some sort of "purgatory" should be provided where a candidate could be placed until time had eliminated the drug element. Also, under this heading, I suggested a stringent regulation against members of a patient's family presenting him for admission, because those presenting the patient must be depended on for an accurate and complete case history, untinged by the emotional judgment of a relative. This would also tend to make it more difficult for members of a family to engineer the incarceration of one of their own number for personal reasons.

I recall that, under No. 2, the first change in policy suggested was that every attendant should be a registered nurse. I also had suggested, under this heading, that nurses should be informed on all salient points in the case history of every patient they were called on to care for.

Under No. 3, I had made the notation that the closest co-operation possible should be maintained between the patient's medical adviser and the institution, throughout the patient's stay, and that the patient should be personally accessible to him, if possible, for firsthand judgment as to the former's true condition and progress. It seemed to me that, if this requirement were met, the patient would have the comfort and security of knowing that his stay was being watched over by someone worthy of his trust and confidence and that the institution, realizing that there was a qualified physician interested in the case, would refrain from abuses and misuses of its authority and would exert its efforts along constructive medical lines.

Under No. 4, I had started to suggest that the patient should choose a doctor who specialized in the field covering his ailment. Then I crossed that out. No, the patient couldn't always choose his physician. (At least this one hadn't!) Who should choose him, anyway? It was getting too involved for my poor tired brain.

I must have been a pitiable object when one of the doctors wandered in. My hand still shook so that I could hardly hold a pencil, and I was frightfully disfigured by the scars of my recent battles. The doctor inquired what I was doing, and I handed him the whole thing.

He glanced over it, laughed, and said, "You seem to be having trouble over the patient's point of view."

I replied that I had — and how! — ever since my arrival. I said that the patient, as far as I could see, had no point of view worth recording. If he were not adequately represented by his own physician, that was just his funeral.

This conversation went into the daily re-

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port, I believe, under the heading of grandiose ideas. With one look at me, sitting up in bed in my unhappy condition, the thought of my attempting to contribute ideas toward a reorganization of this large, prosperous, and beautiful institution forced him to laugh.

I laughed too, not heartily, but when he had gone I went on with my outline, just the same.

V

My mind gradually resumed its ordinary habits, and I tried to figure out what, if anything, I could do to dispel the terrible cloud of misfortune and misunderstanding that had settled down on me.

I made up my mind to communicate with my personal physician in New York. I felt that, since he had known me for nearly twenty years, he could help or try to secure help for me, if my message reached him. I should ask him if he could possibly come to consult with the sanitarium doctors. I knew much had happened which was hard to explain but still felt there might be just the possibility, in spite of appearances to the contrary, that my welfare was really being considered. Perhaps there had just been a series of mistakes, misunderstandings, and misfortunes! Surely, if this place were being honestly conducted, there could be no objection to a consultation with my own physician. This would be a test of sincerity.

I finally wrote a number of letters, one to my doctor in New York first of all. I explained the situation quite fully, asked for a reply by telegraph if possible, marked the envelope *Air Mail*, and felt satisfied that I had done all I could. I was assured my letters had all been mailed (I had to leave them open for censorship), and one may imagine with what anticipation I looked forward to replies.

But no replies came. I found, long afterward, that my letters had all been mailed not to the persons to whom they were addressed but to my sister in Chicago, who, being away on a holiday, did not have an opportunity to look them over for some time. None of them reached its destination for about two weeks. The letter to my physician, on which I was pinning my hope, was never forwarded to him. Whether this was on the advice of the sanitarium I do not know.

There wasn't much opportunity of conversing with the other patients, but I heard a few stories which only made my predicament seem worse. I told myself these must be taken with a grain of salt, but I had no reason to believe that my case was exceptional and that I was the only person whose presence there was unwarranted.

Any woman patient in the institution over 35, highly sensitized by the torturing atmosphere, became, according to the constant innuendoes of the attendants, a candidate for an "unbalanced menopause." "Fixations" of various kinds were also prodigally distributed by these ignorant individuals among those patients who, in their desperate loneliness, showed a predilection for any particular member of their own families. Fortunately, I was feeling none too affectionate toward any of my relatives at this time, but I had the menopause hoax visited on me with a vengeance.

One day, just to amuse myself, I made a charcoal sketch of my Scotch terrier — idly wondering, as I did it, where he was and if I should ever see him again. Later I secured some clay, with which I started to model him. One of the attendants was watching the process and in an offhand way inquired, "Do people ever have animal fixations?" I hastily kneaded the clay back into an inexpressive mass again, ignoring her protest, and modeled no more dogs. It is easy to see what this sort of atmosphere would do to anyone, in time.

I refused drugs of any kind, and those in authority, when I maintained that I was sleeping well (although hours of distressed wakefulness were my usual lot), were disposed to take me at my word and not be too insistent on "sleeping medicine." After all, I had been hard to handle under the influence of drugs — I had kept patients (and attendants) awake nights with my disturbances — and, since I was now at least quiet, they were inclined to let me alone. I still hoped my family would eventually come to see me, and I knew that, if I appeared to them as some of these drug-sodden creatures appeared to me, my chances for release would be dismal.

VI

So the weeks wore on. I learned from an overtalkative interne and one of the younger and less noncommittal doctors that my condition was not running quite according to form. After the manic stage should follow

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the depressive stage, and so, I found later, they had informed my family. Of course there is not a fixed line of demarcation — manics are sometimes depressed, and depressives have periodic spurts of mania, but the conditions are sufficiently well defined so that they try, to some extent, to keep the patients separated. After two weeks in the manic ward, when my reactions had been normal for about ten days and I had shown no inclination to lapse into the depressive stage, they moved me to another house (where, perhaps, they thought through contagion I might acquire the appropriate condition!).

These patients in the depressive stage were the most pitiful I have ever seen. They no longer had their excitement and hallucinations to entertain them. They looked as if they had been squeezed dry of any human feeling. They sat passive for the most part, unless they were prodded into activity. Most of them looked at one without a change of facial expression and with no indication of recognition. Cheerfulness and good humor were at a premium, but I found any attempt at lightheartedness more painful than frank despair.

I understand that once, at an Easter service conducted for the benefit of those able to attend, the speaker asked rhetorically, "Why are we all here?" — to which some patient audibly responded, "Because we aren't all there." A fair attempt, but I couldn't muster a sincere laugh when I heard it.

After settling down among the depressives, I took stock of my situation. I had, of course, to endeavor to make my behavior as "normal" as possible. But just what would be "normal" or "correct" under such circumstances? If I appeared lighthearted and gay in these conditions, "they" might think I was so crazy I didn't know where I was. If I displayed annoyance, irritation or temper, I should be called emotionally unstable, and maybe I'd go back with the manics. If I took to moping, I should fit into the pattern set for me. Heaven knows I had plenty to be depressed about, but I started mending, making over dresses and hats, insisting on long walks and golf.

There were various activities into which I believe patients as a rule had little choice about entering; there was the gymnasium class in the mornings; the art shop, where fancy work of various kinds took up part of the afternoon; and bridge in the living room in the evening. Some of the most afflicted cases were the best bridge players — and the bickering and quarreling from that quarter was a bit enlivening sometimes.

I made up my mind to be very firm in my refusal to join in these activities; I decided the last thing in the world I needed was contact with diseased and unbalanced mentalities and I kept firmly to my decision. However, there were movies once a week which I was delighted to attend. The pictures were carefully chosen and calculated not to excite the patients.

VII

WHAT THE REPORTS going to my family contained at this time I did not then know. When hope was finally abandoned for the onset of my depressive period, I understand my family was advised it would still be necessary to keep me for some time and, above all, I must have no visitors. I believe the way it was put was that I did not seem as yet to have developed "insight." I still had hallucinations as to treatment I had received while under their care, and these could not be dispelled without time, the great healer! Naturally, if my release had proved to be contingent upon it, I should eventually have denied those happenings.

The futile, protracted visits and conversations of the doctors were a distinct trial, and it required considerable ingenuity to work up new variations of my constant theme: "I'm in my right mind and I want to leave this place." But of course I knew they must have some filler for the reports to the family, and I tried to accommodate.

One of the stock conversational subjects of the doctors who had my welfare in charge was the attractiveness of the sanitarium grounds — a hilltop crowned with evergreens and stately old oaks and elms. They commented that other patients, as well as I, seemed unappreciative of the natural beauty surrounding us. Those men, skilled as they claimed to be in the treatment of what in many instances is simply "soul sickness," failed to realize that those suffering from such an affliction are powerless to make contact with beauty. Their physical eyes may behold it, but their spirits cannot absorb it. The essence of loveliness cannot be captured by a spirit struggling to rescue itself from a seething sea of emotional conflict. Beauty does not

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pause to rest its wings on that turbulent surface.

Just recently, looking down across the Battery in New York toward the Narrows at a sunset of unbelievable beauty, did it come to me with thrilling significance that for the first time in months was my soul sufficiently at peace again to absorb the essence of this loveliness.

VIII

After weeks had passed without my having seen a person I had ever known before and during which I had received most unnatural and unaccountable letters from even my closest friends, one may imagine my state of mind. These letters offered no explanations but conveyed the feeling that it was only to be expected I should be there indefinitely. I was advised to "relax and co-operate." Most if not all the letters were opened before I saw them. None of mine could go out without censorship, but I had little heart to write anyway.

But little straws in the wind now and then gradually led me to feel that perhaps the end of the journey was near at hand, and, when I was moved into quite palatial quarters — a large, well-furnished room with four-way ventilation and private bath — I decided visitors might soon be expected. A few days later, one of my sisters was permitted to come to see me.

It seemed that, the night of my admission, my relatives had signed a document agreeing to co-operate with the institution in every way possible. This entailed no visits to me until permission should be granted by the sanitarium authorities. This permission was given after there had presumably been some difficulty in securing further payment without a look at the patient!

As soon as my sister saw me and heard my story, she was naturally much distressed, and it was determined I should leave as soon as it could be arranged. (The head of the institution still insisted I ought to remain for at least a month longer. He hated to relinquish the idea of my eventually gaining that "insight!")

I re-entered the world to find that during my incarceration my whole life had been disorganized. My friends had the impression that I would in all probability be a mental case for years to come. Arrangements had been made for the disposal of my apartment in New York for the duration of my lease; my belongings had been scattered — stored in various places, left with friends, some of them given away. My business connections had been disrupted. All my years of organized endeavor were scrapped.

My world was completely topsy-turvy. It seemed impossible for me to get to the bottom of things. Perhaps the evasions and untruths which I encountered on every hand were kindly meant. At any rate, it took me some time to feel out the situation, so that I could make any plans whatever; and the annoyances and difficulties I experienced in trying to adjust both my personal and business affairs were very real indeed. There were only three or four people to whom I could turn for real understanding, but with their help I have adjusted myself and have picked up the threads where I could.

I am putting behind me all personal resentment. I have in reality been through the valley of the shadow and I feel the necessity, as never before, of getting into the sunshine again. But everything seems to have assumed an added quality. It is as though life before had been two-dimensional, like a picture, but now the picture has walked out of its frame — one can get behind it, and command an entirely different view.

I have returned from a sojourn into the depths of human misery, from a baptism in the filthy slime inhabited by the mentally unfit, have seen with my own eyes that agony which is inarticulate, have invaded the realm of humanity hounded by fate and by human motives so low their very existence is doubted and denied by those protected and sheltered.

I have come out of the valley unscathed. For myself, I fear no evil — but what about those others, some of whom may have been condemned with as little justification as I and who may not be redeemed before the tragic results are irreparable? My heart is with those bewildered souls in their living death, and I am praying that a way may be opened to give them some of the genuine help and comfort they so desperately need.

Next month: "Hearing Made to Order"

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What I Believe

by **GERTRUDE LAWRENCE**

I DON'T KNOW anything about writing an article, but, since the Editor of THE FORUM has asked me to tell his readers something about my philosophy of life, I'm just going to put down my thoughts as though I were writing a letter and probably end it, "Yours affectionately." And I'll pray that somebody will do something about the punctuation before it gets into print.

If one's personal philosophy could all be summed up in a few words, mine would follow pretty closely the old proverb —

> To look up and not down,
> To look forward and not back,
> To look out and not in — and
> To lend a hand.

There is a simplicity and directness about these lines that never fails to have a tonic effect on me, and there is fearlessness and self-discipline, too.

Many things have happened to me since that evening in 1908 when, as a more or less trembling child actress, I made my bow to an audience in company with eleven other rather grubby little children in a Christmas pantomime. Like most theater people, I grew up in a home of modest circumstances which made working a necessity for me and my parents. I chose the theater because I was "of" the theater and many times went hungry. Thus, versatility was born of the necessity to keep in work.

I can't remember that at any particular age I determined I was one day going to be a well-known actress, but whatever success I may have achieved is the result of hard schooling, severe criticism, and bitter and varied experience.

There was the time when I was playing with a touring company in Shrewsbury and the manager skipped — and you know what that means (or, rather, for your own sake, I hope you don't). In this case it meant that we were left flat, without even enough money to pay our hotel bills.

Life looked pretty gloomy to fifteen-year-old me, but the landlady, a kindly soul, said I might stay on till something turned up, provided I'd lend a hand in the bar — which I was very glad to do.

Of course I was chaffed a good deal by the men, because my training for the stage hadn't included pulling beer-pump handles as beer-pump handles ought to be pulled; and I used to fill the glass three-parts full of froth, so that the customers would say, "I'll need a ladder to get down to me drink, miss." But they were very good-natured about it, and I managed to get by.

The next company reached the town (touring was a more flourishing venture in those days) with *The Rosary*. They wanted a girl to sing "My Rosary" in front of the curtain before the show, and someone said: "There's a pretty nifty little barmaid down at the Red Lion. She's had stage experience; why not get her?"

So they got me, and I put on a nun's habit and sang "My Rosary" before each performance and then scampered back to my bar; and the whole audience used to come down to the Red Lion after the show to see the actress pulling beer handles — which was good for trade. I don't suppose I enjoyed that experience as much as I should now; but it's marvelous to look back on, and it's only one of dozens.

II

I DON'T KNOW why it is that many people who have "got on" in the world are so anxious to forget their humble beginnings. Quite often I meet someone I've known for years and I say, "Oh, how are you, darling?" and receive in return a cold, "How do you do?" And I feel like saying, "Dear, *don't* be like that with me! Haven't we practically scrubbed floors together

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in the theater?" But she's forgotten it because she doesn't want to remember.

I don't want to lose any of my memories. I want to retain not only the charming and lovely ones but the harsh and ugly and bitter ones too. I've heard it said that one reason why the English are such a stable race is their attics. Every house has one, and every one is crammed full of things that are finished with, outgrown, demoded, put aside, in all probability never to be used again, but which their owners wouldn't part with for anything. They're usually a link with some more prosperous period or a humbler but happier time or with a dead relative or perhaps merely with a sentiment.

It all looks like lumber to other people, but to the owner it's treasure. My memories might seem like lumber to you, and yours to me, but I shouldn't part with mine, good and bad, for anything in the world.

You know what fun it is to look at a family album, to say, "Heavens, didn't I look a funny little shrimp in those days! — but it was when I was wearing that frock that I ate my first oyster, and I wouldn't have changed places with the Shah of Persia or even the woman selling balloons in Kensington Gardens."

I want my memory to be like a family album, as complete and as easy to get at. I want to be able to draw on it for quietness and certainty at anxious moments, for healing at painful moments, for hope in moments of despair. And that's where the harsher memories prove useful: Your first real lover's quarrel — a terrible, calamitous thing, that looks slightly ridiculous now, about the size of a molehill (funny how it's shrunk), and the terrible sinking feeling in your middle when you realized that you didn't know where the next meal was coming from. And finding that someone you trusted had been disloyal to you.

Of course I don't believe in resurrecting all these for the sake of tormenting oneself with the tiny stabs of pain they give (some of them dulled almost to nothing now). I believe in keeping them to use as a surveyor uses his survey marks, to get your sense of proportion right, so that, when you're faced with a situation that you feel you can't bear another minute, you suddenly remember some equally trying experience that happened years ago and that now looks insignificant and unimportant, and then somehow or other the current problem seems to shrink into more reasonable proportions.

But don't imagine that I want to live in the past. On the contrary, I want the past to live in me and I want to reach out into the future to collect always more memories to sustain me when my collecting days are over.

To my mind there is no old age so pleasant as the kind summed up in the phrase *lavender and old lace* — when all experiences are blended into a misty, fragrant whole, a thing of half-tones and pastel shades and subtle flavors and sweet dignity.

And at the end I want to be like the dying French marquise who settled herself back in her pillows, crossed her ivory hands on her breast, and sighed, "Well, it's all been very interesting!"

Many of you readers will, no doubt, think my philosophy trivial or inadequate. But so far it has been enough to sustain me in a fairly active and crowded life. When your editor asked me about the stars and the flowers and the atoms and all that, I said that I accepted them but did not comprehend them. But I do know a little about human beings, whom I love, and the attitude that makes the human mind healthy and happy. Religion is to me the forward-looking, active, hopeful, helpful attitude toward one's fellow creatures. So let me repeat again the old proverb:

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in — and
To lend a hand.

In an early issue:

"Adjusting Yourself to Yourself,"

By Winfred Rhoades

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The Forum Quiz

Most people get pleasure out of testing themselves to see how many odd facts they know. This monthly quiz, designed especially for FORUM readers, is aimed to please them but not necessarily to measure their intelligence. The questions should not be difficult for the average person to answer, and the editors will change the form of the questions — for variety's sake — from time to time. A good score this month, counting 2½ points for each question correctly answered, is 65 (answers on page X of advertising section).

1. *If you were to meet Tommy the Cork on the street, you could make conversation by saying:*
   (1) *"Has Governor Lehman signed your pardon yet?"*
   (2) *"Done any long-distance swimming lately?"*
   (3) *"What's the President going to do next?"*

2. *Any Burns lover should be able to finish this last line as easily as Bobby could finish a tankard:*

   O, my luve is like a red, red rose
   That's newly sprung in June.
   O, my luve is like the melodie
   .....

   (1) *That comes from the bassoon*
   (2) *To thee, I sweetly croon*
   (3) *That's sweetly play'd in tune*
   (4) *But I look like Heywood Broun*

3. *The national income of the country in 1938 will total approximately:*
   (1) *$65,000,000,000* (2) *$85,000,000,000* (3) *$1.98*

4. *When polo enthusiasts talk about the high-goal player who has been on top the longest, only one name comes to mind:*
   (1) *Cecil Smith* (2) *Tommy Hitchcock, Jr.*
   (3) *Jock Whitney*

5. *In cultural circles, Jesse Stuart has been praised as:*
   (1) *composer of the "War Dance for Wooden Indians"*
   (2) *the only left-wing writer with a sense of humor*
   (3) *a young Kentuckian who writes of the hill country*

6. *If you have read your Bible, you will recall that when Jesus fed the five thousand he needed only:*
   (1) *5 loaves and 2 fishes* (2) *3 loaves and 12 fishes*
   (3) *2 loaves and 5 fishes*

7. *One potent reason why William Randolph Hearst used to be able to buy so many castles, paintings, tapestries, and objects of art was:*
   (1) *all his newspapers made money*
   (2) *inherited shares in the Homestake mine*
   (3) *his exploitation of the newsreels*

8. *A hellbender is:*
   (1) *an amphibian common to the U. S.*
   (2) *any Yale man on a spree*
   (3) *the steelworker who shapes huge ingots*
   (4) *a poisonous snake of the Southwest*

9. *Don't condemn Hollywood too quickly. A lot of good ideas have originated there, such as:*
   (1) *the modern supermarket* (2) *the uplift brassière*
   (3) *knee-action wheels*

10. *Perhaps you can identify this stanza of a well-known poem:*

    (*Bass drum beaten loudly*)
    Booth led boldly with his big bass drum —
    (*Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?*)
    The Saints smiled gravely and they said: "He's come."
    (*Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?*)

    (1) *"Gen. Wm. Booth Enters Into Heaven," by Vachel Lindsay*
    (2) *"The Blessed Damozel," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti*
    (3) *"A Farmer Remembers Lincoln," by Witter Bynner*

11. *It ought to be easy to pick out the one misspelled word among these three:*
    (1) *connoisseur* (2) *harass* (3) *Phillippines*

12. *Look for the one true statement here:*
    (1) *Milton wrote "Paradise Regained" before he wrote "Paradise Lost."*
    (2) *Henry Fielding was primarily a poet.*
    (3) *James Joyce once taught at Bryn Mawr.*
    (4) *Dr. Johnson edited one of the first dictionaries.*

13. *It'll be higher in a year or two, but the present land speed record is:*
    (1) *357 mph* (2) *440 mph* (3) *226 mph*

14. *There's a lot of discussion, but the fact remains that in the United States the birth rate is:*
    (1) *declining in the country as a whole*
    (2) *remaining just about where it has always been*
    (3) *increasing through the lean years since 1929*

15. *Think twice before you decide who the author of this immortal poem is:*

    My candle burns at both the ends;
    It will not last the night;
    But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends —
    It gives a lovely light!

    (1) *Sara Teasdale* (2) *Elinor Wylie*
    (3) *Edna St. Vincent Millay*

16. *One of these statements about our Thanksgiving Day festival is true:*
    (1) *The Pilgrims first thought of a harvest festival.*
    (2) *Harvest festivals are as old as civilization.*

17. *It doesn't make much sense to the editors either, but we must Keep Up with swing. Now, when a man plays well on the trombone, any jitterbug would say he was:*
    (1) *a keen push-piper* (2) *hot on the slush pump*
    (3) *at home on the woodpile*

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THE FORUM QUIZ

18. *If your wife said, "John, look at those asteroids!" you'd:*
(1) *take a squint down Junior's throat*
(2) *see them through a telescope*
(3) *tell the metallurgist to change the carbon content*

19. *Even if you smoke a pipe, you probably know that today the largest selling cigarette happens to be:*
(1) *Lucky Strike* (2) *Chesterfield* (3) *Camel*

20. *Do you recall your Latin well enough to remember that* caveat emptor *means:*
(1) *seize the opportunity* (2) *let the buyer beware*
(3) *speak no evil, hear no evil*

21. *Mention the name of Jo Davidson over after-dinner coffee, and your listener will expect to hear something about:*
(1) *painting* (2) *sculpture* (3) *music* (4) *architecture*

22. *The name of a recent book, by an American, which pokes fun at English manners, clothes, and foods is:*
(1) *"England Expects Every American To Do His Duty"*
(2) *"Don't Tread on Me!"*
(3) *"With Malice Toward Some"*

23. *The maxim, "Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterwards," is usually attributed to:*
(1) *Benjamin Franklin* (2) *Westbrook Pegler*
(3) *Peggy Hopkins Joyce* (4) *Mark Twain*

24. *Besides being the brand name for a Scotch whisky, Cutty Sark is also the name of:*
(1) *a small animal living in the heather*
(2) *a British clipper ship built in 1869*
(3) *a device to avoid cold drafts when wearing kilties*

25. *If you read a book about the Chicago Irish, with names like O'Flaherty, O'Reilly, and Lonigan running through it, the author would probably be:*
(1) *Douglas Corrigan* (2) *James T. Farrell*
(3) *Sean O'Casey* (4) *John O'Hara*

26. *New York is often referred to as Gotham, but few people know that the nickname got its original meaning from:*
(1) *an English village whose people were simple-minded*
(2) *a Babylonian city famous for its night clubs*

27. *If a voluble hitchhiker were to refer to Col. Lindbergh as "that eagle of the sky," he would be guilty of using a:*
(1) *dangling participle* (2) *mixed metaphor* (3) *cliché*

28. *The current Broadway hit, "Our Town," startles some people because:*
(1) *the leading character is spoken of but never appears*
(2) *the butler does not turn out to be the murderer*
(3) *little or no scenery is used in the play*

29. *More new copies of one of these books go to more Americans each year than any of the others:*
(1) *"How to Win Friends, etc"* (2) *the Bible*
(3) *Sears Roebuck catalogue*
(4) *"The Care and Feeding of Infants"*

30. *If you were a girl and a young man stamped out of your home, saying —*

Think not because of my snarling
I'll shoot myself at your door!
All this, my precious darling,
Has happened to me before.

— you'd know he was only quoting the last of a poem by:
(1) *Rupert Brooke to Gracie Fields*
(2) *Shakespeare to the Dark Lady*
(3) *Heinrich Heine to his sweetheart*

31. *If you were to see a mural full of people with enormous hands and feet, negro workers, highwaymen, dance-hall girls, chain gangs, and Missouri mules, you would be correct in saying it was by:*
(1) *Diego Rivera* (2) *Norman Rockwell*
(3) *Thomas Benton*

32. *The furniture produced in America by the Shakers is admired by home decorators because:*
(1) *it is simple and well suited to purpose*
(2) *it features the attractive claw-and-ball foot*
(3) *they did not hesitate to use mahogany and satinwood*

33. *It probably seems there are more, but there are only ____ passenger autos registered in the country today:*
(1) *20,000,000* (2) *35,000,000* (3) *25,000,000*

34. *If someone were to suggest that you join him in a game of* jai alai, *you'd probably say:*
(1) *"No; I haven't got a mallet, let alone ponies."*
(2) *"Certainly; where is the fronton?"*
(3) *"Sorry, but the nineteenth hole appeals to me."*

35. *The slogan, "Covers the Earth," makes you think of:*
(1) *Sherwin-Williams paint* (2) *Standard Oil*
(3) *the A. T. & T. system*

36. *If an Irishman were to throw a shillelagh at you, it would be proper to:*
(1) *let the garland fall around your neck*
(2) *dodge it and heave a brick back*

37. *St. Louis is noted in the American theatrical and musical worlds because:*
(1) *the "St. Louis Blues" were composed there*
(2) *chorus girls from St. Louis are consistently beautiful*
(3) *it has the oldest and most successful summer opera*

38. *That speedy gentleman who now holds the world record for the one-mile run is:*
(1) *Glenn Cunningham* (2) *Sydney Wooderson*
(3) *Archie San Romani* (4) *Man Mountain Dean*

39. *And the recent winner of the national amateur golf championship at Oakmont, Pennsylvania, was:*
(1) *Ralph Guldahl* (2) *Willie Turnesa*
(3) *Johnny Goodman* (4) *Walter Hagen*

40. *The present holder of the trotting championship at 1:55¼ is a gelding named:*
(1) *Single G* (2) *Greyhound* (3) *Dan Patch*

Do you think these questions are too hard? Or are they too easy? What type of question do you prefer? The editors will be interested to learn readers' opinions about the Forum Quiz and will try to mold it to suit them.

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Short Cut to Utopia

California Will Share the Wealth on Thursdays

by **FRANK J. TAYLOR**

On November 8 two million Californians will go to the polls to vote yes or no on a proposal to take a short cut to Utopia. By fantastic circumstance, most of the old people in the State will be lined up against most of the young people, the oldsters favoring Utopia, the younger citizens opposing it. Another curious angle is that innocuous-looking Proposition No. 20 on the ballot will not be labeled an experiment in Utopia but merely "The California State Retirement Life Payment Act — $30.00 a week for life." Most voters will never find time to read the 45 sections of the act. If it is defeated, few of them will know how closely they skirted sudden social revolution. If it is passed, they will discover the true purpose of the California pension plan only after the most drastic share-the-wealth scheme ever attempted in this country is under way. Proponents say it will be Utopia. Opponents are equally sure it will be chaos.

For upwards of a year, most Californians merely laughed off the idea of $30 every Thursday for everybody over 50 as another crackpot dream. Their mirth gave way to alarm on August 31 of this year, when the Hollywood promoters of the pension plan appeared at the office of the Secretary of State in Sacramento, bearing an initiative petition signed by 789,104 old folks who seriously expect to get $30 weekly for life after the next election day. This was more signatures than have hitherto appeared on any initiative measure in any of the 17 States where voters may place a new law on the statute books via the ballot box and independent of legislatures.

"You can't laugh off a million votes," taunted the pension-plan group in double-page newspaper spreads appearing in several cities immediately after the initiative petition was filed. Politically wise Californians knew it was so. As soon as the State supreme court certified the initiative petition for the November 8 ballot, State and municipal bonds took a tail spin on the market. Chambers of commerce, industrial associations, banks, and insurance companies roused themselves to ominous warnings, revealing the general fear lest the 1,200,000 oldsters on the sunset side of 50, to whom the proposed pension looks like everything to gain and nothing to lose, turn out in force to ballot their way to Easy Street. California has 3,000,000 registered voters, and in an average State election only 2,000,000 of them vote.

To call the $30-every-Thursday scheme a pension plan is to use a misnomer, as Roy G. Owens, its chief Messiah, readily agreed, when I interviewed him. The "eleven submerged personalities" who guide the movement are shooting at a social revolution along technological lines. Their ultimate aim is production for use and abolition of prices, with social credit replacing money as we now know it. The pension plan is merely a means to an end. The penny a day from each of tens of thousands of old people provides the ample war chest from which to meet propaganda expenses. The old folks' votes are necessary to make the proposition a law. Hence, it is only fair that they should be the first to live on Easy Street.

Selling Easy Street to the old folks is a venerable game with whiskers, but the technique has been streamlined in recent years. Where it once called for the talents of a J. Rufus Wallingford gifted at inducing the elderly to exchange their savings for "an acre and independence" in California or a combination poultry farm and nut grove in Oregon, the job today is one for an "engineer-economist." Where a Wallingford concentrated on old people with savings or inheritances, the engineer-economist is interested

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in everybody over 50. *He asks but a pittance and a vote and offers the social credit of the State.* With a catchy slogan like *Easy Street for Weary Feet* or *Ham and Eggs for Californians*, he lures hundreds of thousands of dollars via the radio where the Wallingfords attracted but small change.

The wildfire spread of *Ham and Eggs*, which is the catch phrase of the $30-every-Thursday movement, reveals how a sporadic Utopian dream can skyrocket in short order into big money. In the California-pension-plan headquarters in Hollywood is a master card file of 250,000 dues-paying members. Their penny-a-day dues bring in $2,500 daily, irrespective of sales of *Ham and Eggs for Californians*, as the pension-plan bible is called, or other literature or the tiny liberty bells which all good pension-plan advocates wear. If the initiative measure carries, the promoters will have charge of administering pension warrants aggregating $780,000,000 a year by their own figures — and double that sum if the estimates of opponents prove more nearly correct.

Great Minds at Work

The steps by which "eleven submerged personalities" emerged from obscurity to the public spotlight, with expectations of becoming the technological dictators of California, add up to a fairy tale no less fantastic than their naïve scheme for solving all the State's social and economic troubles at one fell swoop.

Neither Roy G. Owens nor any other of the present eleven members of the board of the California pension plan claim to be originators of the plan in its entirety. They merely adopted it as a fledgling movement at a meeting held in a downtown cafeteria in Los Angeles, on October 4, 1937, by 40 "business and professional" men, most of whom have been identified as former apostles of the Utopian movement. The purpose of this meeting was to demand an accounting from Rev. Robert Noble, a radio preacher, who had been advocating for more than a year a pension of $25 every Monday for people over 50.

Like most of the other Los Angeles radio divines, Dr. Noble spiced his evangelical offerings with politics and economics. A disciple of the late Huey Long and a firm believer in the latter's share-the-wealth program, he invited listeners who wanted $25 every Monday morning to send in by mail a penny-a-day contribution to a fund for the promotion of such a pension. Much to everybody's surprise, he soon had some 12,000 dues-paying adherents to the Noble plan. For one year Robert Noble repeated his rousing demand for a weekly old-age pension wthout offering any concrete program for bringing it about.

The 40 "business and professional" men who summoned him to a showdown last October claimed they were Noble-plan members and insisted that he set up a board of directors.

This he declined to do, branding the 40 usurpers.

They, in turn, declared him deposed and named Truman Winslow, an engineer-economist but recently arrived from Washington, D. C., for his health, as their chairman. Mr. Winslow had written a book on the power of money and had served as economic adviser to several congressional investigating committees.

Deposing Robert Noble was quite simple. The contract under which he broadcast over station KMTR was held by the Cinema Advertising Agency, owned by two brothers, Lawrence and Willis Allen. Lawrence Allen is a lawyer, while Willis Allen's niche in the hall of fame is as the "greatest yell leader ever developed at U.S.C." On October 4, 1937, in place of Robert Noble, Lawrence Allen took the air on station KMTR to announce that "the people had revolted and had taken over their own pension-plan movement." He introduced the new chairman, Truman Winslow, who made an impromptu talk on the social aspects of money.

Feeling their way, the revolters followed this procedure for several weeks.

One evening, in the middle of a mass meeting in Long Beach, while gazing down into the expectant faces of several hundred old people, Truman Winslow was suddenly "caught between conflicting emotions," as he puts it, "and hardly able to decide which was the better way, to let the old people down by telling them the truth, or going ahead with the program." Later, at Trinity Auditorium in Los Angeles, he did break down and started to tell them that the pension plan was a mirage; but, before he could unburden himself entirely, Lawrence Allen suddenly adjourned the meeting.

This unexpected turn left the pension plan without an engineer-economist as an authority for belief that the scheme would work. But the

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promoters soon found a pair of them in Roy G. Owens and Sherman J. Bainbridge.

The former is a lean, soft-spoken man, of great sincerity, with an impressive record as a sales promoter for building-materials concerns and as vice president in charge of sales for the Lakewood Engineering Company of Chicago, which paid $1,000,000 in income taxes in 1919 and went bankrupt in 1920. Jobless, Roy Owens retired to a retreat at Lake Waramaug, Connecticut, to study the perplexities of the economic structure. After pondering a full year, he served six years as secretary of the American Manufacturers Export Association, lost that job, and migrated in 1929 to California, where his sole earnings, he says, have been from the WPA for services in connection with a writing project which was eventually abandoned.

Much of the time while he was on his uppers in Los Angeles, Mr. Owens shared meager living quarters with Sherman Bainbridge, a gifted and stirring radio commentator who has delivered over 2,000 broadcasts on economic subjects. Trained for the ministry, Mr. Bainbridge became an actor and played the lead in one of the first motion pictures ever made in Hollywood — *Her Indian Hero*, produced by the old Horsley Studios. Between jobs on the stage or in studios, he sold real estate, read up on social economics, worked as spellbinder for the Townsend Plan, campaigned for the Utopians.

Roy Owens wrote a number of speeches for Sherman Bainbridge, and the two became known as a star team of enthusiasm builders either over the air or on the stage or at camp meetings — Owens as the quiet thinker, Bainbridge the fervid, evangelical speaker.

Business Booms

Shortly after Roy Owens and Sherman Bainbridge became the key personalities of the pension plan, along with the Allen brothers, things began to hum. Immediately after the revolt, 5,000 of Robert Noble's followers switched their allegiance and their dues to the new leadership. When the latter raised their sights from $25 every Monday to $30 every Thursday, 5,000 additional Nobleites came over. By the middle of January, Willis Allen, in his capacity as campaign manager, was able to report 18,000 dues-paying followers. By June there were 100,000; and, after the broadcasts were extended to 8 radio stations, dimes, quarters, and dollars poured in regularly from 250,000 old people. Over 100 girls work in the beehive in the heart of Hollywood.

Most of the $500,000 collected since the first of the year by Treasurer Lenn W. Reynolds, a former garage operator, has come in the form of penny-a-day dues. The largest donation ever received was $100. Someone made another of $50. There are but few anonymous contributions, because the old folks want their mites on record when the State starts distributing the $30 every Thursday. The hat is never passed at Ham and Eggs for Californians meetings. Instead, donors seal up their contributions in small manila envelopes, write their names and addresses on the front, so that they may be credited with membership dues. From 700 meetings a month held all over the State, the envelopes are sent unopened to the headquarters in Hollywood, where the membership file is kept. Those who are stirred by radio to contribute also send in their names and addresses. Everybody who joins becomes a "worker," and the ability of the management to mobilize these workers is a major factor in the astonishing growth of the drive.

Another factor is the skill of Engineer-Economist Owens, abetted by Sherman Bainbridge, in drafting a plausible plan for making the $30 every Thursday look like a reality. Mr. Owens adopted the best features of previous Utopian schemes incubated in southern California and elsewhere. He characterizes Dr. Francis E. Townsend and Upton Sinclair and Premier Aberhart of Alberta as "the harbingers of social credit, who made the people pension minded." The plan he drew up is a blend of Townsendism, Sinclairism, and Utopian technocracy. He borrowed from all but thinks he has avoided the pitfalls into which they stumbled.

In brief, the plan proposes the establishment of a pension-plan administrator, independent of all other branches of government, who will issue enough noninterest-bearing warrants each week to give everybody over 50 who quits work $30 worth. The warrants are supposed to be a "non-savable" money, because everyone who holds a $1 warrant each Thursday must affix a special 2-cent stamp on the back of it. These stamps must be purchased from the State with legal money; and the idea is that, by the end of the year, the State will have accumulated from the sale of stamps $1.04 for each $1 warrant to

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be redeemed. (The 4 odd cents go for administrative expenses.) Anyone holding a $1 warrant from Thursday to Thursday is out 2 cents.

To make the paper attractive to merchants and others than pensioners, the act provides that any purchases made by anybody with warrants are exempt from the 3-per-cent sales tax ordinarily collected by the State. State, county, and city tax collectors are required to accept warrants in full for taxes. Every State, county, or municipal employee must accept one half his pay in warrants. To entice banks into accepting the warrants for deposit, bankers are offered 10 cents a pensioner per week, for acting as disbursing agents for the pension, and a 2-per-cent commission for selling stamps and handling warrants. If they refuse, the administrator is authorized to set up his own financial agencies within 100 feet of each bank in the State.

There will be no haggling over who is qualified for the pensions and who isn't. All an applicant has to do is provide an affidavit that he or she is over 50, has been a resident of the State a year or more, is on no payroll, and employs no one else. A family of husband and wife over 50 will get $60 a week. In fact, the idea is to get as many warrants in circulation as quickly as possible, so that the pensioners will start buying, merchants will start selling, factories and farms will begin humming.

"All we want to do is give the dollar a kick in the pants and start it circulating again," explained Sherman Bainbridge. "This isn't a charity plan. We're just using the people over fifty as a means of distributing credits for the benefit of the entire people."

But THIS Is Different!

Mr. Owen and Mr. Bainbridge are the joint authors of the California-pension-plan bible, a 128-page pocket-size handbook featuring a luscious plate of ham and eggs and French fried potatoes in full color on the cover. It is entitled *Ham and Eggs for Californians* and contains not only the act itself but the answers to all the questions that eager old folks ask at meetings. Mr. Owen is author of the act, and Mr. Bainbridge wrote not only the answers but the questions as well. *Ham and Eggs* is a best seller in California, over 100,000 copies having been disposed of this year — at 25 cents each, for a booklet that cost 6 cents.

The idea of selling booklets, tracts, and even copies of the act is one borrowed from Upton Sinclair, whose EPIC, or End Poverty in California plan, almost carried the State four years ago; although, appealing as they do largely to impoverished old folks, the California-pension-plan advocates have never been able to charge 25 cents for admission to political meetings, as he did. But all that Upton Sinclair offered the old folks was $50 a month, and that, say the $30-every-Thursday spokesmen, is not enough to spin the wheels of industry.

Another weakness they spot in Sinclair was his disposition to pay his way by taxation.

"Taxes are a relic of the age of barbarism; taxes are silly," Mr. Bainbridge exclaimed in all earnestness. "There's enough for all of us to have all we want. Why should I tax you?"

On the same score they dispose of Dr. Francis E. Townsend as an old fogy.

The solemn doctor, sulking at his home in Long Beach, while tens of thousands of his aged erstwhile followers flock to the tune of a new piper, brands the $30-every-Thursday scheme as utterly unpractical. The Townsend Plan, proposing a two-per-cent transactions tax on a national scale to set up the Old Age Revolving Pension fund, was supposed to provide $200 a month for each unemployed old person.

But this was unsound, too, according to the new utopians, because it was based on taxation, and taxes are silly.

All they borrowed from Dr. Townsend was his following and his idea of collecting a pittance each week from many. Although they reduced his ten cents a week to a penny a day, the returns total up to just about as much as the Townsendites collected, in their heydey.

As for the Utopians of the Fourth Cycle — they advocated the full operation of farm and factory and the distribution of enough certificates of purchase to enable everybody to buy everything that everybody else produced but they never hitched their Utopia dream to an old-age-pension band wagon to lure enough votes for political consideration.

Practically all the ringleaders of the $30-every-Thursday plan are ex-Utopians, still Utopian at heart.

As Roy G. Owens puts it:

> The pension plan is only an expedient until we can catch up with the technological trend. We call this a pension plan, when it's not that at all but an economic system. California is the best state in the Union in which to originate the plan, but economics pay no

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attention to state lines. It will become national, and when it does, we can make the warrants legal tender.

The Alberta plan, attempted by Dr. William Aberhart when he became Premier, was doomed from the start because he offered $25 worth of social credit each month to everybody, instead of limiting the benefits to unemployed oldsters. So say the $30-every-Thursday proponents. Also, he undertook to fight the banks, which the California Utopians have no intention of doing. In fact, under their setup, there is a potential profit of about $20,000,000 a year to the banks for handling the pension accounts and selling the stamps. But, if any bank doesn't play ball, the administrator is instructed in the act to open a financial agency next door.

Roy G. Owens says: "We'll emancipate the people and the merchants from the banks."

The California Bankers Association has already announced that all banks in the State will refuse to handle the warrants.

But wealth cannot be created by merely taking from some people and giving to others. Somebody will have to provide the wealth that the idle old folk acquire through spending their scrip. That somebody will be every working person, every businessman who has to buy stamps to put on the scrip.

Over 800,000 Californians over 50 could qualify for the "pension." To redeem the scrip issued to them and to defray administrative expense, California's employed citizens will have to pay about $1,500,000,000 a year for stamps — a levy stigmatized by President Roosevelt as a tax on the people least able to bear it. This gigantic tax is about double the amount Californians pay annually in federal, State, and local taxes and about one third of the present income of all persons in the State.

BONANZA!

ANOTHER innovation in the technique of selling Utopia developed by the promoters of the $30-every-Thursday movement is eschewing political responsibilities and party alignments. Upton Sinclair tripped when he won the Democratic nomination. Premier Eberhart came to grief when he assumed the responsibilities of government. In the Democratic primaries, a Utopian, Sheridan Downey, won the nomination for United States senator; and another, Culbert Olson, was nominated for governor. The "submerged minds" were far from happy over this, and, when the candidates of both parties were weaseling over what to say about the $30-every-Thursday plan, Roy G. Owens sent a letter to both conventions asking them not to take any stand at all.

The reason was that Mr. Owens felt he had found a way to set up Utopia entirely independent of the existing government. The act names Roy G. Owens, Will Kindig, a real-estate promoter, and Joe Elliott, a $250-a-month employee in the State land office, as potential administrators. If the Governor doesn't offer the post to them in the order named within five days, Roy G. Owens automatically becomes administrator, and the others become his assistants. The administrator becomes an economic dictator, responsible to neither the legislature nor the governor. He has a $700,000 fund for the establishment of the pension system. The act provides that this shall be cash from the State treasury and not warrants. But all the tax collectors in the State have to accept warrants in lieu of money for taxes; and all the teachers, policemen, firemen, and other State, county, and municipal employees have to take half their pay in warrants.

If this hot money, as opponents of the plan call the proposed warrants, causes prices to rise, the administrator is authorized to hike the pensions proportionately.

If, as skeptics predict, the merchants balk at accepting warrants at their face value and business comes to a standstill, the administration is to take $200,000 and educate everybody to like them.

If, as officials fear, the State goes broke because everybody buys warrants at a discount and pays taxes with them, she can pay all her bills in warrants, including the $30-a-month old-age pensions now paid in legal currency.

If, as the bankers prophesy, the warrants (which will aggregate, by the end of the year, two and a half times all the currency in California) drive good money into hiding, people can get along without currency, just as they get along now without gold.

If, as some legal authorities predict, the Supreme Court declares the warrants unconstitutional, the act provides that the warrants may be paid in coin of the realm.

Mr. Owens has thought of everything.

You have to, when you're taking a short cut to Utopia.

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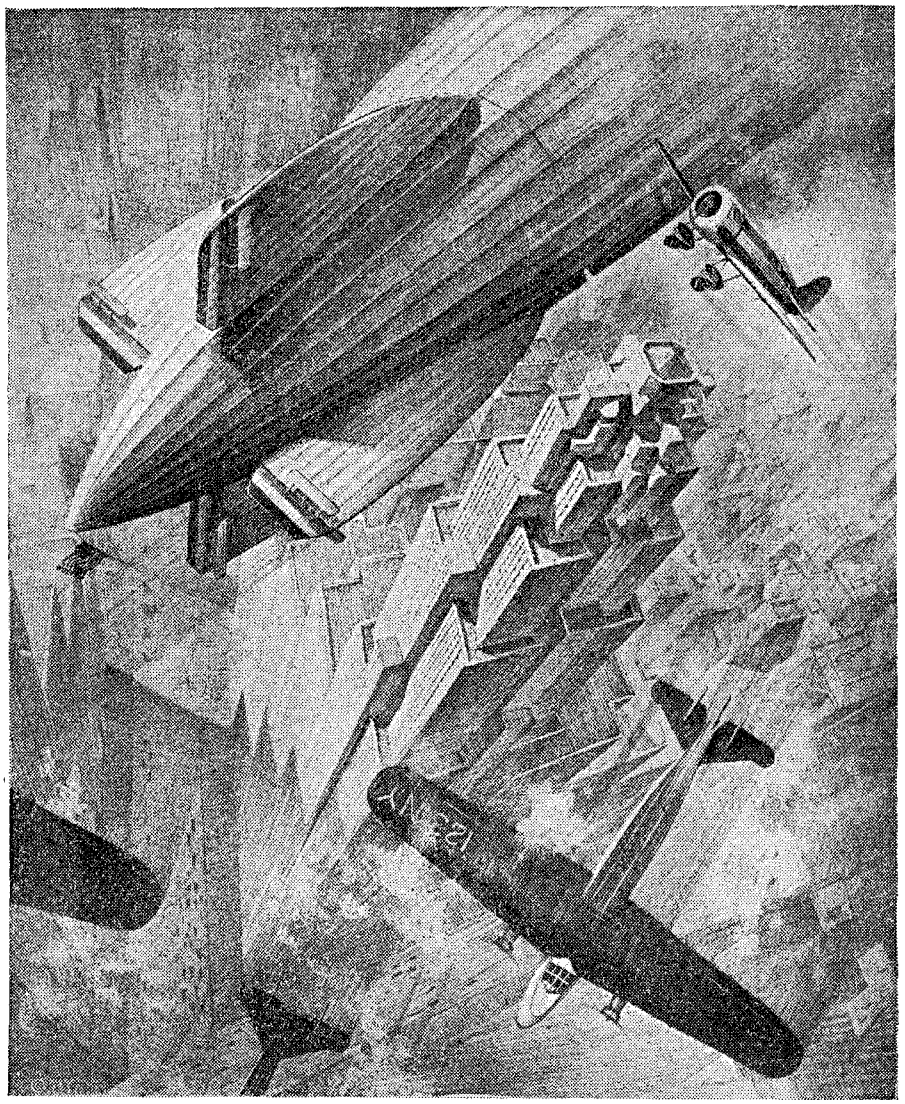
Fear Flies over England



Lithograph by John MacGilchrist *Courtesy of the Kennedy Gallery*

***by* CHRISTINE H. STURGEON**

THE HIGH SNARL of sirens goes lifting through the night. Lights that were turned on an hour ago in houses, shops, and offices snap out one by one and then in threes and dozens. The street lamps gutter and die. Only a beer sign glares blatantly through almost the whole performance — apparently it was the business of nobody in particular to turn it out. (Five minutes before the show ends an officious citizen cuts the wires with pliers, and the beer sign, too, vanishes. Tomorrow evening it will not light up, and there will be annoyance on the part of the advertiser and a hurry call for an electrician. But that is surely a small matter beside "the sacrifices we must all make at a time of National Emergency.")

A crowd has gathered beside the square, and from behind the barrier of a stretched rope keeps its eyes on a little wooden house erected in the center that very afternoon. A neat job, that house, of "portable garage" architecture sturdily bolted and joined. Its destiny might have been to shelter a baby Austin car or a peaceful flock of hens. Instead it stands in this modern arena as the victim of a "demonstration." Its air is both important and forlorn.

Two policemen part the crowd to keep a passage open at one side of the square. "Mustn't

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impede the fah-rengine," one of them explains.

"Wotch aht for them big feet of yours then, Robbut!" a wit says, and his neighbors titter.

From the throat of a loud-speaker overhead, a cultured voice announces: "With the warning of the maroons we presume that enemy aircraft have been sighted heading this way. Lights have been extinguished, and we now hear the sound of the approaching aeroplanes."

The voice is followed through the loud-speaker by a rising drone that continues, with sinister pianissimos and fortissimos, during the next ten minutes and succeeds in sending chills through sensitive veins. The tittering in the crowd increases and becomes slightly hysterical, rising to squeals as the first "bomb" goes off. A flash, and a plume of reddish smoke lights up one wall of the little house. "Bang!" another has exploded right inside it; one can see red light flickering through its windows and flames begin to lick along the roof edge. There is a smell of burning petrol.

A girl flings her arms round her escort's neck, and he responds gallantly. "Gawd bless the black-aht!" he says, grinning over her shaken shoulder.

"Bang! Bang! Bang-*bang!*" Amazing fellows, those pilots in the "enemy aircraft" — direct hits every time. The little house is now burning brilliantly.

A click from the loud-speaker, and the sound of airplane engines ceases. The Voice says, "We are presuming that both incendiary and gas bombs have been released from the enemy planes. Notice particularly the clouds of sluggish smoke which lie low near the ground, while the ordinary smoke from the incendiary bombs, of course, rises. And here come the fire brigade and the rescue squad."

A hand-drawn fire apparatus is rushed through the gap, and pulls up dashingly before the house. The firemen, masked so that they look like a quartet of obscene performing dogs, leap to connect the hose with the nearest hydrant and play a hissing stream of water on the flames. A rescue squad follows, also masked and carrying two stretchers, on the run. The crowd becomes aware of an ambulance parked nearby.

There is a confused scuffle at the smoky doorway of the little house, and the rescuers emerge with two dummy "casualties" which are placed tenderly on the stretchers. As they are about to be lifted for the return journey to the ambulance there is a shout. One of the firemen has tripped over the hose and hurt his knee — hurrah; a real casualty! One of the dummies is unceremoniously dumped, and the fireman takes its place to be carried off in triumph. The crowd cheers.

Most of the fire has gone out, so a spotlight is turned on the house for the last act. The "decontamination" squad arrives at the double, with chemical kits advanced. There is a good deal of fussing about with what looks like fly spray, and the crowd cheers again.

Now the Voice is heard once more, calling attention to various details, praising the "efficiency and co-ordination of all concerned," and ending with an appeal to all patriotic citizens, men and women, to apply for Air Raid Precaution service at their nearest local headquarters. The Voice holds the warm promise that many of its hearers will be privileged, "next time," to be actors, not mere onlookers in the drama. They — even they — will be able to don gas masks and squirt hoses on fires if they get into line soon enough. "And now — the *all clear!*" A high whistle shrills out. Lights (all except the beer sign) go on again; car headlights bloom and gather speed. The show is over.

Tomorrow morning the charred timbers of the little house will be carted away, and the sooty marks of the giant firecrackers cleaned from the stones of the square. Tomorrow morning a hundred more earnest souls will apply for special duties under the A.R.P.

Britain Dances

We have been watching a strange phenomenon during the last six months in Britian — the infection of a whole people with one idea.

It reminds one of that legendary dancing mania that spread through Europe during the Middle Ages. The old chronicles tell of those groups of dancers, solemn or sullen or elated but all caught in the toils of one compelling rhythm and infecting all with whom they came in contact — a psychological madness that spread like the plague. There were onlookers then who stood aloof for a time, scornful or tolerant or pitying; but presently they too were caught: their feet began to move in the same way; their eyes became fixed and vacant;

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there was no thought in their minds except the compulsion to follow the crowd.

That is what we have seen happening in Britain. It isn't a reasoned reaction to the present European unrest. It is the mental succumbing of a people to six months of steady propaganda work. The disturbing thing about it is not so much that the citizens should be preparing against possible future air raids — it is the unquestioning *way* they are doing it.

In the beginning there was a half-amused attitude — "Well, well; the government says we've got to prepare against air raids now, eh?" Then, as the pressure increased, there were some vocal misgivings, a shrugging off of the fear which was being fed out through the press and over the radio. (Some item or other about the A.R.P. is included in every evening's news broadcast — the number of new volunteers, the suggested "uniform" for Air Raid Wardens, the perfecting of some new chemical for use by the decontamination squads. Someone very bright thought that one up — the inclusion of constant A.R.P. reminders in the nightly "news." Almost everyone in Britain listens in to that broadcast.) Then it began to be taken seriously, and with that there grew in many minds a feeling that here was an opportunity to be "important" as Air Wardens, First Aid Instructors, Shelter Inspectors, and so on. To many excitable persons came a feeling of passionate elation, a sense of uplifted duty. Everyone began to be gripped by the drama of it all, the recurrent play-acting of "experimental blackouts," and, above all, the emotion of being part of a nationwide movement, of "belonging," of being in step with the neighbors. Today the note of hysteria is increasingly obvious.

Hitler's coups in Austria and Czechoslovakia have increased the tempo of the movement, and the most was made of these events by those desirous of putting over the A.R.P. Sir Samuel Hoare, broadcasting on the evening after *Anschluss* became a fact, told Britain (in a voice that rasped and hissed like the voice of the Wicked Uncle in a melodrama) that he didn't intend actually to scare his listeners, but that — "after what has happened" — they had *better* throw all their energies into the A.R.P. — "*or else!*" The day after that broadcast, there was a rush of volunteers for every branch of the A.R.P., and mayors of towns which had not yet had "blackouts" were deluged with petitions asking for them. Local pride came into play — "Surely *our* town is as strategically important and has as much right to protection as those others!"

The Great Game

So now, all over Great Britain, the A.R.P. game is being played on a smaller or larger scale. Sometimes the airplanes overhead are real enough, carrying observers and news commentators who later relate their experiences over nationwide hookups. Sometimes a whole district is the theater of action; sometimes it is no more than a village amateur show, featuring the three-man fire brigade, with the rectory chauffeur, as newly appointed Air Warden, supervising the affair.

Pamphlets have been printed for distribution by the thousand. They tell all about what to do *when* — how to adjust gas masks, how to give first aid, how to paste strips of paper across windows to guard against breakage, how to prepare at least one room in every home so that it will be gasproof. One pronunciamento assured us that any house could be rendered "safe" so long as a bomb did not fall nearer than 50 yards to it. (To which one cynical newspaper columnist retorted that all prospective builders should consult the government housing authorities so that they could build their houses 50 yards from where any bomb would strike.) Unfortunate animals have been experimented with. "A dog and two cats which were in an 'unprepared' room exposed to gas fumes died, while animals in a 'prepared' room in the same house survived."

The accent is consistently on that ominous word *gas*, though no gas masks were in evidence until the Czechoslovakian scare. The first-aid classes make a great point of "gas casualties."

Rather belatedly, a few sane minds left in Britain, notably a group of fifteen Cambridge scientists, publicly expressed doubt of the efficacy of gas masks in general and government gas masks in particular. The scientists wrote a pamphlet about this. But the public does not read pamphlets by scientists to any great extent. Though distribution of the masks began when it looked like war with Germany, nobody had to use them; so the case of Scientists v. Government remains anybody's guess.

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When air-raid shelters are being built, specifications always call for antigas chambers, plans for immediate application against gas, ease of "decontamination" after being subjected to gas. Gas is discussed over the radio and in the papers; columns of "medical advice" treat of it; members of parliament ask questions about the nation's readiness to meet it.

But they never ask one specific question: *Whom are we preparing against?* — and even the brush with Hitler did not give a completely satisfactory answer.

At least, this question never seems to be asked out loud, and most of the general public seems unaware that any such question need be asked — or answered. Privately, of course, and if one deliberately brings up the matter, opinions are given, but they are strangely varied: "It's the Boche again — mark my word. We should ha' gone in and finished 'un up while we 'ad the chance; that's wot we should ha' done." Or, "It's Mussolini, of course — haven't you heard about his great new air fleet? And those maps of his in Rome that show the British Isles as part of the Roman Empire!" Or, in a lowered voice full of canny sophistication, "It'll be the Russians in the end — you'll see. That's why Chamberlain is getting so chummy with Hitler and Mussolini — a combination against the Reds. Gas? Of course — their scientists — why, I've heard — ."

But, for the most part, no questions are asked at all. The British people are reacting as it was intended they should — and the intention was as deliberate as the intention of a vivisectionist applying pressure upon a specific nerve in a guinea pig's body. The public has been made, in the course of the last six months, completely air-raid–conscious and has been discouraged from asking awkward questions. It is in the throes of a patriotic elation in which the asking of questions about the reasons for the A.R.P. is not quite "good form." The Prime Minister announces heavier and heavier expenditures for rearmament and prates in vague terms of "national effort on a universal scale." The thought of conscription is in the air.

Until just recently, the official statements were all about simple "defense measures." Now it is "defense and counteroffense," but the public seems unaware of the change. It does not appear to see any irony in the recent mission of Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd to Germany for the express purpose of examining air-raid precautions there and in other Continental countries, so that, having returned, he can advise the incorporation of the latest foreign gadgets into British precautions. Those men and women in "Germany and other Continental countries" are very busy indeed, he reports, building all sorts of extra-special bombproof shelters. But the British public never stops to think that it may be against British bombs that these neighbors are preparing. There is very little talk about stopping trade in scrap iron and airplane engines and war materials to those other countries — a few "idealists" and women's organizations are protesting, but their voices are lost in the clamor over the A.R.P. — so that trade goes merrily on.

Domestic issues are being abandoned. The vexed questions of housing and coal and what ought to be done about the "distressed" areas no longer hold much of a place in Parliamentary disputes. The Cadman report on civil aviation shocked those who gave it any attention, but the general reaction was — "A pity, but, after all, military aviation must take first place — *now*." And military aviation has come to mean the frantically hurried training of young men who take their machines up before they should and crash with sickening frequency. The newspapers and radio a few months ago were reporting two or three of these tragedies every week. Now we hear less about them. Have all the young men in the R.A.F. suddenly become skilled pilots — or have those in authority decided that such things were better not mentioned? The B.B.C. is a loyal servant of the government.

Superpropaganda

So Britain has swallowed the propaganda whole and believes in the necessity of her A.R.P.

Some few valiant souls there are, it is true, who have refused the dose. The members of the Peace Pledge Union, founded by Canon Dick Shepperd, have sworn nonco-operation with the A.R.P. and all its works. During the recent Glasgow "blackout," a handful of plucky pacifists distributed leaflets and spoke from soapboxes against the performance, because, they claimed, it was making the public

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"war-minded." They were not molested, but they found few listeners. The mass rhythm was too loud in the ears of the crowd for many to stop and hear what the pacifists had to say.

Even some professed pacifists lately have been heard defending the A.R.P. on the ground that it is "nonviolence" and so quite admirable. Their argument sounds convincing enough until it is examined in the light not of *now* but of *later*. Because, if you have an overwhelming majority of the people steamed up to enthusiasm for a scheme that, to them, represents protection for their homes, their children, and their own skins against the fear that has been planted in them, it isn't going to be hard to direct that fear reflex into a hate reflex when those in power have decided who is to be hated.

Then — is Britain really expecting war? It looks like it; but, strangely enough, it does not *feel* like it.

There is the matter of air-raid shelters and bombproof dugouts — the only practical protection, as demonstrated by experience in Spain, against aerial attack. Hardly anything has been done in Britain (except some hasty efforts during the Czechoslovakian crisis) to provide the population with that sort of shelter; and though there is an excellent one, we are told, constructed under the Houses of Parliament and another under Buckingham Palace, the citizen who is neither a legislator nor a member of the royal family will be, presumably, just out of luck.

Professor J. B. S. Haldane has just written a brilliant and bitter book, pointing out this deficiency and suggesting a long-range scheme of building effective burrows; but the hitch is that his plan would cost the government exactly eleven pounds per citizen — and that adds up to a great deal of money. The government does not encourage expenditure on truly protective burrows.

Private builders and even factory owners who have inquired if they might claim a deduction from their income taxes if they include bombproof shelters in their new architectural plans have been informed that no such deduction will be allowed. Is it possible that the Great Minds simply do not expect any war whatever?

Prophecy is rash, but one may be permitted a speculation. Labor is growing stronger all the time, and the Liberal, Co-operative and Socialist groups are drawing closer to Labor. There is no doubt about the increasing threat to Tory power and the "old order." But the old order still holds on, and it is in command of the instruments of propaganda and is using all of them with the sort of desperation that comes only when such a group feels the safe *status quo* slipping from under it. At all odds, the old guard feels, it must stave off a general election.

Anatole France once wrote:

> The governing classes do not really want war, but they do want to keep up a continual menace of war. They want the peril to be always averted but always present. . . . A people living under the perpetual menace of war and invasion is very easy to govern. It demands no social reforms. It does not haggle over expenditures on armaments and military equipment. It pays without discussion; it ruins itself; and that is an excellent thing for the syndicates of financiers and manufacturers for whom patriotic terrors are an abundant source of gain.

Is that the answer — that the mass mind, which has been taught to fear and can be taught to hate, can also be worked up into flooding gratitude toward a government which has kept it out of war and will give that government unqualified support when, if ever, that dreaded general election comes to pass? Time will tell. But, if that *is* the answer, it shows to what lengths an unscrupulous group will go — even to the extent of forcibly feeding a whole population with fear and carrying it dangerously close (and how close!) to the brink of war.

It has been a tragic thing to watch.

In an early issue:

"The Confused Liberal,"

by Struthers Burt

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I Won't Write My Congressman!

by **JOHN A. McAFEE**

My representatives in Congress are, no doubt, pining away while waiting for letters from me telling them how to vote. They wait in vain; I refuse to write. I pray for the power to resist the ever increasing pressure commanding, cajoling, and begging me to write, wire, or phone. It may be just my nasty disposition; it may be just my disinclination to do a thing because everybody else is doing it; it may be just chronic laziness. However, I think it is something more.

This whole matter reached its zenith — I hope — in a double-page spread in one of our national women's magazines. Across the top of the left-hand page, in bold type, were the words: **BY READING THIS YOU MIGHT SAVE YOUR CHILD'S LIFE.**

The caption alarmed me. While I knew the magazine was addressed to women, the fact was that even I, a mere man, should also like to save my child's life — in fact the lives of all four of my children.

The accompanying text, written by the editors, began with this soul-stirring question: "Would you, as an individual woman, put an end to syphilis in the United States if you could?" A few lines below: "Well, you, as an individual woman, can practically wipe out syphilis. All you need to do is write a letter. Write a letter to your congressman or senator." . . .

It is as simple as all that!

I sincerely hope that the members of the United States Congress were insulted by that article. I am afraid they were not. What kind of blubbering idiots do we have in Congress if, as these editors suggest, they will not do all they can to wipe out the terrible scourge of syphilis unless the people back home write them letters telling them to do so?

This picture of popular government as it is presented in the United States of America today is not a reassuring one.

An important matter is to come to vote in the Senate. The solon comes into his office in the morning and says to his secretary, "Well, Bill, what are the returns today? How do I vote?"

The secretary gives his master the tabulated report of the number of petitions, letters, telegrams, and phone calls, together with the balance for or against the pending bill.

Fortified with this mandate from his constituency, our earnest lawmaker, a man elected presumably because of his judgment and ability to lead, votes on the measure which will affect the welfare of this and possible succeeding generations.

Or, again, our president is unable, either by reasoning or by patronage, to convince the members of Congress of the wisdom of a certain mode of procedure. As a last resort he wheels the old "mike" into action, calling on us, the people, to instruct our leaders how to lead.

We listen as we play our bridge hands or talk with our friends or read the evening paper (those of us who know how to read) or speed across the country in our cars. We rather like the self-confidence of our chief executive; we like his self-confidence even when he thinks we elected him chief legislator. And he does have a good radio voice. So, on the morrow, having given no thought to the problems involved — as a matter of fact, few of us having much to give thought with — we wire or write our representatives our desires.

They, like the obedient Charlie McCarthys they are, knowing that we hold the power, obey.

Government by petition, telegram, and letter is not democracy but mobocracy. Yet this is

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the very thing that is growing apace. Our politicians and our "best people" as well are fostering it. (That is, the "best people" are fostering it for themselves.)

We elected our representatives and then we hamper and hinder them by instructing them how to vote. We insist that they listen to us. If they refuse, off with their heads! Perhaps the poor victims are not so much to blame as are we, the people.

II

GOVERNMENT is an intricate, complicated business. No man, I do not care how brilliant he may be, is qualified to govern unless he is giving all his time to the task. It is not work for amateurs.

The best of statesmen fail at times to see the jokers in bills on which they vote. How many times legislative measures prove to be boomerangs, accomplishing the exact opposite of what the framers intended!

A few years ago I had occasion to consult a lawyer who had been for years in my State legislature. He advised a certain procedure, one which appeared to me to be inimical to my best interests.

I reminded him of a bill which had passed the legislature a short while before and I suggested to him that this law would make utterly impossible the end we wished to attain, if I accepted his advice.

A smile came over his face, and with pardonable pride he announced: "Oh, that's all right. I framed that bill and I know just how to get around it."

Surely government is a matter for experts. Here the judgment of one expert is worth the judgment of a million others.

Public opinion is seldom informed and rarely intelligent. Propaganda forms public opinion, and public opinion sways our leaders. We pool our ignorance and call it wisdom.

I know that I am not qualified to advise my representatives. In *The Countryman's Year*, David Grayson says facetiously:

> I have been thinking today of writing a letter of advice to the President of China. I would not for a moment think of advising the President of the United States, but I know so little about the Chinese that I can easily advise them what they ought to do.

It is well for old man Demos to hold a high opinion of himself, yet the fact remains that in most matters he is just plain stupid. The politician inflates his ego by constantly appealing to him, but this is not to do the old boy any kindness. He knows neither what ails him nor what is good for him. Most of us are ignoramuses in matters of government, and we know that we are.

We should not go the full length with Roger Williams, yet there is wisdom in his admonition:

> The people immediately should have as little to do as may be about the government. They want information and are constantly liable to be misled.

How true! how true! And what marvelous means for the dissemination of misinformation have been devised since Sherman's day!

"Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance."

So truly spoke Goethe. Massed ignorance is not wisdom but just more powerful ignorance and so more terrible.

Thomas Carlyle said that the population of England was "thirty millions — mostly fools."

So far as governmental affairs are concerned, I am willing to acknowledge that I am numbered among the fools but I am not fool enough to insist on advising my representatives.

The present tendency cannot but produce a very inferior type of leadership. It puts a premium on the demagogue. The chief qualification for our leaders is ability not to lead but to listen. It is little wonder that we have raised up unto ourselves men who have neither great intelligence nor courage, that our legislative halls are filled with mediocrities. We ought not to blame the boys overmuch. It is just the way we have brought them up. If they do not do as we, the people, say, it is back to the bushes for them.

In an address at Tufts College in the spring of 1935, Senator Carter Glass said:

> I think of the United States senator as a man representing a sovereign State, always pleased when he may agree with his constituents but always reserving to himself the right to think for himself and always holding fast to the determination not to be swayed by the momentary clamor of the multitude.

How many men in Congress can qualify?

Leaders we have, but they lead not. They are too busy listening. Like the proverbial gander, they see which way the line is moving and then waddle around to lead the parade.

Yet democracy must stand or fall by its ability to raise up leaders.

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III

POLITICS MUST be exalted into a profession — or at least into a trade. It is now a business. Men whose only concern is re-election and who absolve themselves from responsibility by the simple expedient of a referendum cannot lead us successfully.

Plato complained that, whereas in simpler matters — like shoemaking — we think only a specially trained person can serve successfully, in politics we presume that everyone who knows how to get votes knows how to administer government.

When one goes to the doctor he does not demand that the medical man shall prescribe for him a certain kind of brown pill and refuse to take the medicine the practitioner orders because it is pink. He acknowledges, with no loss of face whatsoever, that he thinks the physician knows more about what is best for the patient than the patient does. He selects his doctor because he has confidence in the doctor's ability and honesty. Just so does one deal with his lawyer or his accountant or his dentist. He does not fire the dentist because that master of torture hurts him when he pulls a tooth. When he calls the plumber, he does not instruct him how to do his work. (That is, most of us do not. There are some men who do.) And so we might continue. Only in matters of government — and religion — does every man consider himself a competent authority.

For my part, I should like to see politics an honored profession. I should like to select my representatives on the same basis that I do my doctor or my plumber, namely, their ability. I should like to have men of such caliber that I should no more think of instructing them than I do my doctor.

I hold a whip over my doctor's head, if you will. If, under his guidance, my health is not improved and if he seems to me to be incompetent, I shall not hesitate to get me another doctor. Just so, if my representative seems to be incompetent, then I shall do my best to get rid of him.

If, when I went to my doctor, his main concern were to please me, I should be suspicious. When my representatives in government seem so deeply concerned about what I think and are continually asking for my judgment — a judgment which I know to be valueless in this particular matter — I have some grave misgivings. I am more than fearful that he is concerned about my vote and not my good.

It is not less interest on the part of the people in government that I call for but a more intelligent interest. It is not a question of abandoning democracy and turning to the dictator but only a question of the wisest way to exercise the sovereign right of the democrat — whether it shall be through constant meddling and interference or through the selection of competent men who shall give their time and thought to this particular sphere of important world activity.

Perhaps the only thing to do, under present conditions, is to fight the devil with fire. Those who are interested in good must resort to pressure, since that is the way it is now done. We should not, however, blind our eyes to the fact that the present one is not a wholesome condition. Weather vanes cannot become great leaders.

First there must be a public willing to exercise its sovereign right in electing leaders, not in dictating to those leaders how and when and where they shall lead. Then, we must have men of ability equal to discharging the tremendous responsibility given to them, men who will lead and will not but reflect the public opinion in the little provinces from which they come. The first of these is distinctly first. The second will inevitably follow.

Dr. Andrew D. White, one of our truly great leaders, was quite right in insisting that a republic has never been maintained save by the delegation of great powers to chosen leaders.

Perhaps, after all, I *shall* write my representatives occasionally.

Knowing how many jokers there are in bills and how many prove to be boomerang bills and knowing my own want of wisdom, I will most certainly not tell them how to vote in specific cases. But I think I shall tell them of certain ends that I should like to see accomplished. I shall tell them that I am constantly weighing them in the balances, trying to determine whether or not they merit my vote.

Only one bit of direct advice I think I shall give my representatives: that they purchase large wastebaskets and use them freely.

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Company Town

by **MARQUIS W. CHILDS**

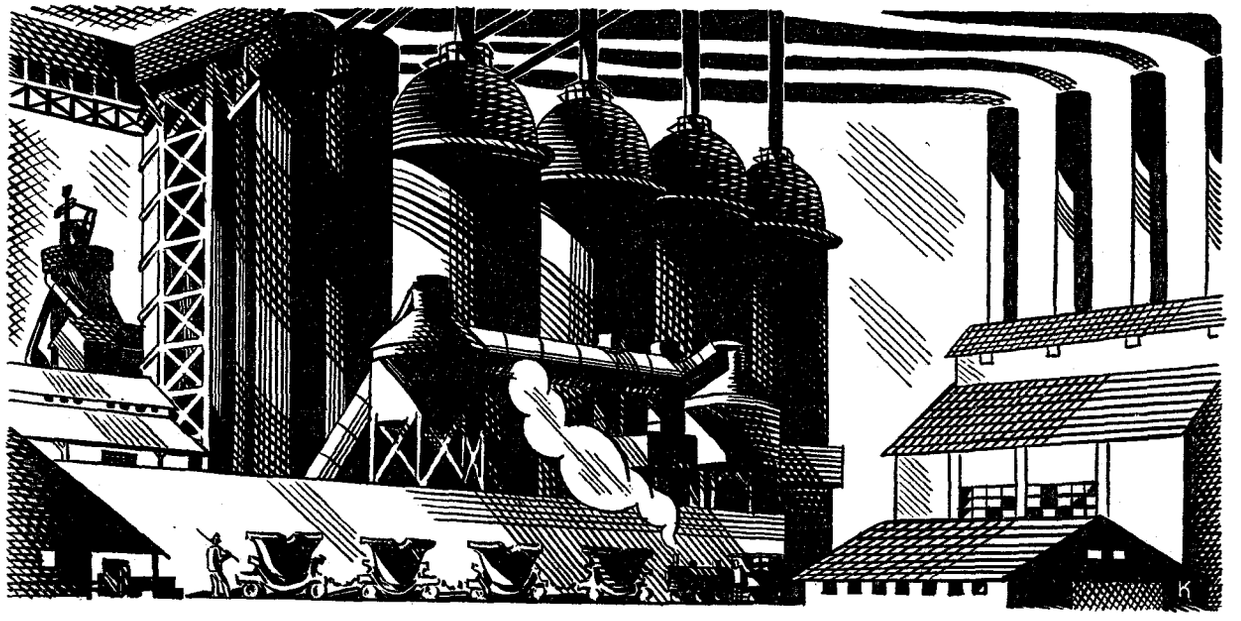
In Scandinavia, where trade unions take in a larger proportion of the population than anywhere else in the world, the phrase *company town*, with all the stigma that it has come to have in America, is unknown. There are numerous towns, particularly in industrialized Sweden, where one company is the sole employer. But workers in those towns have the same right of collective bargaining through a trade union, the same political independence that workers in the cities enjoy.

For an observer to whom *company town* has meant either a walled slum or a model village, with "outside agitators" (i.e., union organizers) barred, this is a little hard to understand. It can scarcely mean that Scandinavian employers are, as a class, more enlightened, more humane, than American employers, since after all the profit motive is the same in both instances, with world competition a vital factor. The reason why *company town* means one thing in Swedish and another in American goes deeper than that, it is plain.

The towns that have been built around Sweden's new mineral industry in the north illustrate very well the care that is taken, first, to provide a decent environment for several thousand families and, second, to preserve the independence of the relationship between employer and employee. And equally important is the constant care that is exercised to preserve the natural balance; to upset as little as possible the ancient harmony of air, earth, and water. This last is the note that is emphasized constantly by company officials. One facet of the love of nature which so strongly marks the Swedish national character is a deep resentment of the uglier aspects of industrialism: the darkened skies and befouled air, all the blank, awful hideousness of large-scale industry. Human beings should not be subjected to such indignities, the feeling is.

II

The principal gold mine in this new development is at Boliden, about 350 miles north and somewhat east of Stockholm. About 2 hours distant from Boliden by motor is Skellefteåhamn, on the shores of the Baltic, where the great smeltery is located. Recently, still



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another gold mine has been developed at Laver, north of Boliden, in rough, heavily forested country where even in summer stray remnants of Lapp reindeer herds may occasionally be seen. All three are owned and operated by one company.

At Skellefteåhamn there are about 1,100 members of the local branch of the metal workers' union. This includes all the employees in the plant, electricians and carpenters as well as those who are actually engaged in the smelting and refining of the ore that comes from Boliden. The average rate of pay is 350 kronor, or somewhat less than $100, for about 200 hours a month. The wage contract between the company and the union calls for an 8-hour day and a 6-day week. This contract, in accord with the constitution of the federation of trade unions, provides that the metal workers shall have the exclusive bargaining right for all employees in the plant.

A week's holiday at full pay is provided for in the contract, but a new law now insures a 2-week holiday. Workers who must fill shifts on legal holidays — the plant is in continuous operation — are given extra time off, in accord with another provision of the contract. It provides also for free medical care, by the company's physician, for all employees and their families at a very low rate.

In this matter of health, it may be said here, the company takes extraordinary precautions. There are frequent examinations by fluoroscope and X ray to determine whether any symptoms of lung trouble are present. There have been several changes in plant technique designed to reduce the dust content of the air and thereby prevent silicosis. In the building in which the blast furnaces are located, a powerful ventilating system changes the air every minute and a half. At the least sign of any illness, a man is sent home on sick pay, as provided for in the union contract. Sick pay is almost the equivalent of the full wage rate. Tiled showers and locker rooms, where each man changes into work clothes and bathes at the end of his shift, are provided.

The community itself is about one mile from the plant, with streetcar service to take the men to and from work. Laid out by company architects, the town is built around two institutions — the church and the Folketshus. This People's House was built by the union, with the help of a substantial contribution from the company. It is the center of all trade-union activity. Here are the union offices, furnished with tests and an eye to efficiency. And in the Folketshus is an auditorium with a seating capacity of 400. Movies are shown in this hall, the union having entire charge and fixing the price of admission. It is the scene of important union gatherings and special celebrations of various kinds — in short, the focus of the life of the town. Similarly, the company contributed toward the construction of the church, which is done in the modern style.

In the office of the secretary at the Folketshus, the records of this solidly organized union are kept. The union receives in dues about 6,000 kronor a month, of which about 4,000 kronor are sent to the district office, the balance being retained to defray local costs.

At the time of my visit, only about 130 members of the union were unemployed and therefore eligible for unemployment benefits from their union.

At the time the big plant was constructed, housing was, of course, a major problem. The company built a comparatively small number of dwelling units for clerks and young engineers as well as for general workers. These are for the most part two- and four-family houses, done in stained wood with red-tile roofs, well adapted to the wooded setting in which they are situated. Most units consist of a good-sized kitchen-dining room, a living room, and a bedroom or sleeping alcove. They have electric cooking stoves and toilets but no central heating. The rent is approximately one seventh of income.

Company officials were of the opinion that it was much better for men to own their homes. The relationship might tend toward paternalism if the company provided all housing. Therefore, workers have been encouraged to build, with loans at low interest rates, or to buy or rent in the nearby town of Skelleftea. The company houses serve, however, as a kind of yardstick on standards and costs.

The company employs an expert whose chief duty it is to observe the effect of waste gases on the vegetation of the surrounding countryside. And this, it must be remembered, is in remote northern country, covered largely by scrub pine and birch. So that no injury would be done to surrounding stands of timber, the

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company built a plant to extract sulphur from sulphur dioxide, one of the principal waste gases discharged from the huge smokestack. Believed to be the only one of its kind in the world, it was built despite the fact that the world sulphur market has been pretty well ruined by dumping on the part of Italy and Russia.

III

IN PLANNING the mining operation at Boliden, great care was taken, as at Skellefteåhamn, to upset the natural balance as little as possible. The entire community — houses, co-operative store, Folketshus, church, hotel — was built by the company. It is an example of skillful planning, the town being so laid out that the mining operation intrudes as little as possible on the private lives of workers and technicians. The stripping is carefully disposed of. Excavations within the mine are being filled up when work along a vein is completed.

The rate of pay for miners is 2 kronor, 30 ore — about 60 cents — an hour. Ordinarily there are two shifts in the mine, each shift divided into 2 4-hour periods. After working 4 hours, the men come up for lunch and a rest of an hour. Then they go back and work the second half of the shift.

Laver, hidden away in the endless pine forests, is the newest development. Every effort was made in constructing this community to profit from earlier experience. For example, a heating plant was built by the company to provide heat for all houses and offices. This, it was estimated, would be far more economical than any other method, particularly in view of the problem involved in obtaining coal over mountain roads from the nearest railway junction. Two- or three-family units are the rule at Laver, the dwellings being rather more spacious than at either Boliden or Skellefteåhamn. Rents average 40 kronor — $10 — a month, and this includes heat from the central plant and running water.

Wage negotiations for the new local formed at Laver were carried on with the company by Edward Mattison, national head of the Metal Workers' Union. At the outset, Mattison bargained over conditions of living at Laver, when the development was still in process of construction. For example, he wanted to obtain from the company as large a contribution as possible for the Folketshus. And it was agreed at the start that the union should operate in the Folketshus the only restaurant at Laver, the company merely specifying that it should come up to certain standards.

Nearly $200,000 has been set aside to be used for the resettlement of employees when and if the store of minerals is exhausted. The money, it is now contemplated, will be put to a variety of purposes, such as transferring workers to other centers where employment exists and compensating those who have built their own homes. The fund is to be expended under the joint direction of the company and the state.

The men responsible for the Boliden company are not altruists or social planners, as such. They are keenly aware of the importance of having the good will not only of labor but of the general public. A company that is privileged to exploit a natural resource must be on its good behavior; it must respond to the pressure of public opinion. To act otherwise would be to jeopardize what is the very life of the company. This is said without seeking to detract in any way from the credit which is due officials for the intelligence they have brought to the task.

In dealing with the union, Mr. Oscar Falkman, the director, drives a shrewd bargain, using every possible advantage. The company makes sure that the men realize all that a strike would mean. If work were suspended, the furnaces would have to be entirely reconstructed, and the large stock, which has not been allowed to cool since its construction three years ago, would have to undergo major repairs. This would mean a shutdown of two months: and so, if a strike were to last for a month, the men would be out of work a total of at least three months.

But the important fact is that collective bargaining is as much an accepted business practice of this company as modern cost accounting. The fact that there is no other source of industrial employment within a radius of 100 miles or more does not alter the process in the least. It is a part of accepted civilized behavior. They have never had a strike or any serious differences with labor, Mr. Falkman says with distinct pride. And the same thing is expressed in a different way

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by Mr. Mattison, for the union, when he says, "We get along with the company very well."

IV

ANOTHER COMPANY that is keenly aware of the importance of public good will is the Luossavaara-Kirunavaara Aktiebolaget, commonly shortened to LKAB, which operates the great iron mines in Lappland, at Kiruna, well within the Arctic Circle.

The town of Kiruna is governed by a council which is made up of fourteen Communists, thirteen Social-Democrats, four Conservatives, four National Socialists, one member of the Folk Party, and one Swedish Communist. It is here, in the far North, as the composition of the town council indicates, that political extremes are to be found. Most of the members of the council, including virtually all the Socialists and Communists, are employed by the company.

Until recently, the two majority parties were in opposition to each other most of the time, engaging in factional quarrels, with the result that the conservative minority swung the balance. Of late, they have come to an agreement that is in part the result of their mutual interest in the Spanish civil war. Altogether there has been sent out from the town of Kiruna to the Spanish loyalists more than $7,000. On at least two occasions, union members have contributed a day's pay, amounting to $2,000, adding this to a fund voted from the union treasury.

It is this radical town council that fixes the tax rates paid by the company and the 1,800 employees who make up the population of the Kommun. The income-tax rate is a flat 7.75 per cent applied on all income above 1,000 kronor ($250) a year. Besides the tax on income, the same rate is applied to 5 per cent of the value of all personal property. This rate represents a reduction from 9.8 per cent. It is now the same as that applied by the City of Stockholm. And, in addition, the Kommun receives a considerable sum from the royalty which LKAB pays to the Swedish state for the right to exploit the iron ore that is a source of such great wealth.

A wide variety of social services is maintained by the Kommun, subsidized in part by the company. The school system at Kiruna is one of the finest in Sweden, including an excellent school for training young people in special skills. Last year there were about 120 boys and 60 girls in this school, ranging from 14 to 19 years of age. The boys are instructed in a variety of skills in demand in modern industry, and the training is of such a high standard that there is a constant demand in industrial cities to the south for those who have completed the 4-year course. The girls are taught along the general line of the Swedish housekeeping school, with courses in cooking, laundry, sewing, weaving, and child care; and, for the most part, they remain in Kiruna.

The company has continued to provide 40 per cent of the cost of maintaining this craft school, 20 per cent of the balance coming from the state and the remainder from revenue received by the school for its services and products. This was all very well as an aid in relieving the small volume of unemployment that occurred prior to 1929. But, with the world slump, the jobless became a serious problem in Kiruna. The community, as the operations in the mines were out to lower and lower levels, became an "island of unemployment."

To meet this situation, the council voted to establish a training school and farm at Stjärnsund, in Dalecarlia, a day's journey to the south. At this colony in central Sweden, the town supports 60 young men from 15 to 25 years of age. There is no fixed curriculum at Stjärnsund. New arrivals help with the work on the farm or in the workshops and receive some formal education in the school until jobs are found for them. Stjärnsund is maintained by the town of Kiruna and the state and by the sale of products from the farm and workshop, including hospital beds and stainless-steel kitchenware.

Since the armament boom, of course, and the unprecedented demand for Swedish iron ore, the problem of unemployment has not been acute. Nevertheless the local training school and the farm colony at Stjärnsund have been maintained.

It is a curious community, Kiruna, a remote outpost of civilization built around the fabulous wealth (the iron ore is richer in content than any in the world) that lies under the two barren mountains, Kirunevaara and Luossavaara. The summer is so brief that wild flowers very rarely come into full bloom, and it is only during an exceptional season that a

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crop of small potatoes can be harvested. The sun stands in the sky night and day for a few weeks, and then the long night of winter begins to settle down.

Yes, we are well paid, the men say, but life is difficult here, and we should receive higher wages.

Medical care is provided at low cost under a company insurance plan. And, if it is necessary to consult a specialist, the company pays for the railroad journey to the south.

Not infrequently, workers put their savings in retirement funds that will enable them to go back to a southern city and live out their old age in an environment somewhat easier, with a gayer and more diverse life. But, almost as often, they come back to Kiruna after a little time in the lowlands. Once you have lived in the Arctic Circle, the visitor is told, you do not want to live anywhere else.

Here, next to the North Pole as it were, with Lapplanders in gaudy costume a part of the normal landscape, all the activities that characterize Swedish trade unionism go on.

The head of the Workers Education Association at Kiruna is J. E. Westberg, who personifies the highest type of trade-union leader — serious, intelligent, giving unsparingly of his time and energy. Mr. Westberg, who is a locomotive engineer at the mines, not only has entire charge of the organization but also teaches two courses himself.

In discussing the program, he stresses the effort at objectivity in the instruction given. The Association offers courses in both Marxism and Naziism, trying to show, objectively, the backgrounds of both. Of course, the teacher cannot help but show his opinions, Mr. Westberg adds.

What of Naziism; will the Swedish trade unions go down before some such movement as they did in Germany?

We hope, Mr. Westberg replies, in slow, careful English, that our people will be so well educated that they will never accept the word of one man.

V

At both Boliden and Kiruna, industry is built on the exploitation of a natural resource, and public good will is of vital importance. Other industries — steel and wood pulp, export industries — support towns that are just as admirable.

The Norwegian Match Company, for example, has developed an independent community near Oslo that is a model of its kind.

But one of the most remarkable company towns in Scandinavia is Sandviken, where more than 5,000 men are employed by a steel company of which K. F. Göransson is the principal owner and director.

Every facility for modern living has here been provided. All social services — schools, hospital, home nursing, public library, home for the aged, and so on — originally were provided by the company. Many of these functions have, in later years, been taken over by the community itself. As this happened, Mr. Göransson pushed the company's program of social service into more advanced fields.

The latest development by the company is a huge recreation hall, built in 1937, containing an indoor tennis court, a swimming pool, a rifle range, and provision for other sports. It includes, in the basement, a large space for Boy Scouts to carry on their activities. Later on, an outdoor pool will be built, adjoining the sports hall. Nearby is a football field and running track, with bleachers. The whole town turns out to watch Sandviken's championship football teams.

Mr. Göransson is proud not only of these outward achievements but of the fact that industrial peace has prevailed for so many years at Sandviken. Collective bargaining with representatives of the union is taken for granted. It has been an accepted part of the industry for many decades. Mr. Göransson has a highly developed sense of responsibility not only to his stockholders but to the community and the country. He is aware that, as a large employer, he must accept special duties and obligations. And it is not only his own personal position that is involved but the status of the employer-owner in general. I have rarely seen anyone who appears to work so hard as Mr. Göransson. The large house in which he lives with his wife and family is in a sense a public institution, for

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scarcely a week goes by that he is not host to visitors who have come to observe Sandviken. They come from all over the world to see what can be achieved when foresight and planning accompany the growth of an industry.

A community similar in some respects has come into being at Uddeholm, near the charming town of Karlstad, in the province of Vermland. Here, employed in the pulp mills of the Uddeholm Company, are about 8,000 workers. But such care has been taken in the planning and the construction of the town that the green and peaceful spirit of the countryside has scarcely been disturbed. Single and two-family dwellings stand in ample ground along tree-lined streets, with generous garden space. Here, virtually all the houses are owned by the company. This is the lovely country made vivid to so many readers all over the globe by Selma Lagerlof.

Uddeholm is perhaps more typical than Sandviken. I do not mean to suggest that Swedish employers are all given to providing indoor tennis courts for the employees. But, while these company towns are exceptional in certain respects, they are not isolated phenomena. They set a standard that is generally high. The force of trade-union pressure, the influence of public opinion persuade the employer to create a decent community, whatever his own wishes may be. There are many socially minded employers in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and they have helped to establish the general level. But they could not have gone far — in a competitive world — without the support of aroused opinion and alert organization.

That fact is probably more significant for America than any other. It cannot come through the good will of any individual or even group of individuals. There must be a broad concern for the living standard of the whole people.

The Medieval County Jail

by **JAMES V. BENNETT**

On March 15, 1938, itinerant young George Coover died from a beating he received at the order of a "kangaroo court" which was permitted to operate in the Denver County jail.

In the same month, the examining physician at the Leavenworth penitentiary saw in the word RAT, freshly branded upon the arm of an incoming prisoner, further evidence of jail brutality.

During the same month of March, 1938, three men coming straight from a Missouri jail were found to have infantile paralysis when "dressed in" at Atlanta.

About the same time, a federal judge heard a young defendant admit that he had made arrangements to pass counterfeit money while in a Florida jail.

Just this week (July 15, 1938), the sovereign State of Virginia permitted the release of 26 prisoners from the Alexandria jail because it was simply impossible to pack in any more.

A few months back, a woman was killed in Cleveland, Ohio, by the careening automobile of escaping Charles Bird, whose wife adroitly smuggled a gun to him under the careless eyes of his jail keepers.

Such routine incidents in prison work are the counts in the indictment of America's jail system.

The county jail is by all odds the most important unit in the American system of correc-

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tion. There are ten times as many county jails as prisons, houses of correction, and reformatories combined. More than 3,000 of these institutions, ranging in size from a concrete jug hardly as large as the family garage to an institution housing 3,000 inmates, have haphazardly risen about the country. Upwards of 750,000 to 1,000,000 men and women "do time" each year in them. About half the inmates are society's failures — confirmed vagrants, drunks, dope addicts, habitual thieves, sex offenders, and even lunatics — but the other half are casual violators of the traffic laws, joy riders, nonsupport cases, and a host of other minor offenders.

It might be thought that the county jail — if it were nothing else — would be secure at least from both fire hazards and escape artists. The facts reveal the contrary.

Our jails are frequently the flimsiest sort of structures, hoary with age, rickety shambles of tinder which at any moment may be set ablaze. From Maine to Florida and from Maryland to California, the federal Bureau of Prisons has condemned hundreds of jails as firetraps.

The State of Virginia, for example, noted for many splendid traditions, is also famous for having one of the worst jail systems in the country. For the most part her jails are moldy, antiquated buildings, many of them erected at the time of Washington and Jefferson. Not long ago an unattended prisoner was charred to death when a wooden lockup burned to the ground at Colonial Beach. Aroused, the State Welfare Commission branded 31 more Virginia jails as equally dangerous. Prophetically enough, a few weeks later still another inmate was cremated when a second lockup was reduced to ashes. In each case the tragedies occurred because the building was left unattended.

Another serious charge against the county jail is that it is not secure. Whether because of structural deficiencies, gross carelessness, or inadequate personnel, the fact is that many jails are easy pickings for escape artists. Apparently, some have only to walk out to obtain freedom, while others take advantage of crumbling buildings that were old 50 or more years ago. The escapes of Dillinger from the Crown Point (Indiana) jail and of Harvey Bailey from the Dallas (Texas) County jail are still remembered. Criminals of far less ability and ingenuity than Dillinger or Bailey seem equally successful in slipping out of the clutches of the law. Many gangsters openly boast that they can crack almost any jail; and, what is more, they all too frequently prove it.

The Men Who Run the Jails

Indeed, the surprising thing is that more do not escape, considering the cavalier manner in which many jails are operated. Some communities spend vast sums of money erecting toolproof steel cages and then put them in the hands of inexperienced and disinterested personnel. Manifestly, no jail, no matter how ingeniously constructed, is stronger than its personnel, and no institutional system is proof against venal, careless, or cowardly employees.

Everyone recognizes this truism, yet those in executive control of the smaller, local jails are usually patronage beneficiaries to whom running an institution is merely incidental to retaining office. As a result, the good work of an efficient and interested jailer may be and frequently is upset by the election of a grafting, dishonest chief. Once elected, many sheriffs are so taken up with the job of seeking re-election that they have little time to devote to their official duties.

A case in point is the letter recently received by the federal Bureau of Prisons from a county sheriff:

> My failure to reply to your letter is due to the fact that this state during the months from September to April was involved in a campaign. For your information, I was also in that campaign which campaign I started the latter part of September and did not finish until the third of April. . . . We were re-elected by a very handsome majority. . . . I am out of the campaign now and can give these matters my personal attention.

Hand in glove with the deplorable ineptitude of the personnel is the iniquitous fee system still prevalent in many parts of the country. Under this arrangement, the jailer charges the county or the State or the federal government a fee of from 50 cents to $1.25 a day for boarding and keeping a prisoner. Some are also permitted to charge a "turnkey" fee for each man admitted or leaving the jail. The system stems from eighteenth-century England, where the lockup was farmed out to the highest bidder. Incidental to this system was the tacit understanding that the jailer could

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mulct his prisoners and the community as much as he was able.

This vicious practice still flourishes in all but a few of the States, the few being mostly in the Northeast. Naturally, when the sheriff is allowed a certain sum per prisoner to cover the expenses of running the institution, the less he feeds the prisoner, the less he spends for personnel, medical care, and other operating necessities — the more he or his chief can pocket. In some counties, officials have made as much as $12,000 to $15,000 a year on the jail.

Bad as is the fee system, the laxity of discipline is even worse. In about 90 per cent of the jails inspected by federal investigators, no rules concerning the management and discipline have been adopted for the guidance of either jail officials or inmates. Prisoners have been known to attend public movie theaters and baseball games, visit race tracks, and go fishing. Dope addicts have walked out of jail to obtain needed supplies. Men have been given access to women's wards, on payment of bribes. In a Texas jail one sheriff has established a schedule of prices for favors to be rendered — 50 cents for a deck of cards, $2 for a drink, $5 for a shot of dope. Rarely, however, are such "privileges" extended to those without "pull" or money.

But perhaps the most serious count in the indictment of the county jail is that which deals with torture and the so-called kangaroo court.

Seldom is there any direct and malevolent cruelty on the part of the jailers themselves, but all too frequently they permit the most perverted and brutal prisoners to band themselves together to enforce their demands and extort money from helpless newcomers. Under the guise of self-government, those prisoners in control of the kangaroo courts force on the young and unprotected the most menial and degrading tasks, acts indescribably revolting, and forfeiture of any money they may have. Whenever a "fresh fish" rebels against the order of the "judge" or refuses to pay what the "court" demands, he is strapped or beaten. Sometimes, as in the Denver case, the victim is fatally injured. All of this goes on with the knowledge and permission of the jail authorities, who contend they cannot afford the personnel necessary to keep control of the inmates.

Rarely are the public officers in charge of jails penalized for permitting such brutalities. They are not called on to answer for them because the victims are anxious enough to forget it all or because they lack the funds or friends necessary to bring their sufferings to public attention. It's easy, too, to discredit a "jailbird."

Occasionally, of course, there is a day of reckoning. A few years ago, an Oklahoma sheriff was ordered to pay $2,500 to an inmate severely injured by kangarooers. In Detroit, a jury in a similar case assessed $7,500 in damages against the sheriff.

But kangaroo courts continue to exist in jails in every part of the country, with the possible exception of New England. Wherever a weak-kneed, lazy, incompetent jailer is in charge or where only a skeleton staff is employed, it is likely that discipline will be in the hands of these mock courts.

Disease — Physical and Mental

An indifferent public surely seems guilty when it permits jail conditions which can be described by federal inspectors thus: "The building is a rat trap of two stories. . . . Two men hanged themselves here within 30 days. . . . The place is filthy beyond description. . . . The only place to sleep is on the concrete floor. . . . A pig pen could not be worse. . . . The sewage system has been out of commission for some time." — and so on, far into many jail-inspection reports.

Further charges against the jail rest on the fact that many of them are a serious menace to the public health of the community in which they are located. Because few institutions have full-time, paid physicians on their staffs, little or nothing is done to prevent the spread of infection or disease. Men are discharged from jail with contagious or infectious diseases dangerous to every free citizen with whom they come in contact.

And the jail conditions themselves make for disease. They are cold in winter and sweltering in summer. Food is coarse, and served on greasy, disease-laden tins. Decent clothing is lacking. Week after week, the prisoners wear the same grimy garments in which they entered. Bathing arrangements are usually meager and dirty. Ordinarily, only emergency medical attention is furnished by

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part-time doctors working on a fee basis. In the absence of doctors in attendance and anything resembling adequate hospital facilities, disease and infection often reach dangerous proportions. More than two thirds of all our county jails are never visited by any representative of a local board of health.

Just as there is no separation of the sick from the well, so also is there no segregation of the good from the bad. The youngster who stole a few pennies' worth of fruit is surrounded by older, more hardened criminals, eager to give him the "benefit" of their experience. The normal, healthy individual must mingle with those broken in mind and body. The alcoholic, instead of being treated and cured, is released after a few days, his thirst whetted. The drug addict is turned loose after a few weeks or months to resume the "habit." The petty thief learns from his fellows how to do a bigger and better job next time.

The defeatism which pervades these crucibles of crime can be traced in large measure to the stultifying idleness forced on the inmates and their keepers. The prisoners sit listlessly in their cells, pace three steps forward, three steps back, like animals in the zoo, or they push nervously on the bars. They can do nothing to relieve their mental and physical tension except occasionally mill about a crowded prison corridor. Seldom are they permitted outdoor exercise, other then in the "bull pens" within the dark walls. Nothing is done to occupy their time or start the processes of restoration. Is it any wonder, then, that the prisoners come out not only with their bad habits intact but with an additional supply of acquired depravity?

But the greatest crime occurs when these same vicious conditions are forced on the guilty and the innocent alike. Persons awaiting trial or held as witnesses are subjected to the same demoralizing influences as convicted criminals. They eat the same barely edible "slum," sleep on the same verminous cot, and degenerate in the same idleness. Because many of our criminal courts are unable to keep abreast of their dockets, those who cannot make bail or who are held as witnesses must wait through long periods before their cases can be brought to trial. Sometimes they linger for months while attorneys wrangle, police investigate, or the court blithely takes a vacation.

Federal Reforms

For many years now, the federal government, as an incentive to improving local jail conditions, has offered to pay local governments a rate per day commensurate with the standards established for the boarding of federal prisoners. Many counties have taken advantage of this sliding scale of rates, but there still remain over 2,000 jails red-tagged as disapproved by the federal bureau and more than 250 others restricted for emergency use only.

The government's inspection of such institutions, however, is not made to discover what is wrong with them. That is merely incidental. It is made for the purpose of finding places that meet the minimum requirements for the housing of short-term federal offenders as well as persons awaiting trial. The remarkable fact is that the government has been able, in view of the handicaps of the present system, to find as many as 750 jails which are reasonably well conducted.

In New Jersey, Indiana, Massachusetts, and a few other States, real progress is being made. In Connecticut, a proposal to establish a State-operated penal farm seems to be possible of realization in the not too distant future. In some localities — like Reading, Pennsylvania — groups of intelligent and socially minded citizens have succeeded in bringing about improvements which were at first thought Utopian. A few of the sheriffs' associations have taken the lead in the campaign to improve existing conditions, and other civic groups have done much to eliminate the more obvious evils of their jails.

But tinkering with the local hoosegow has been going on for years, and the old abuses still pretty largely persist. Moreover, it is hardly enough to point out the evils of a system, long known as a blot on our social order, and suggest no remedy.

The best thing that could happen would be the complete and utter abolition of the present small local jail or lockup as a place for incarcerating short-term offenders and its replacement by regional penal farms under State control. It is the jail system itself which needs to be uprooted and reorganized. Those offenders

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who must, for one reason or another, be kept close to the court, while being tried, awaiting arraignment, or pending release on bond, should be kept in clean, safe detention institutions. Power should be given to a career officer of the State to transfer out of such institutions any persons whose cases cannot promptly be acted on.

Also, fewer people need go to jail. Many persons have the naïve notion that by sending a drunk or tramp to jail for a few days we have thereby solved the problem of vagrancy or drunkenness. Too frequently we have merely aggravated it. It is very easy, for example, for a magistrate to give a five- or ten-day sentence for some petty offense and then forget the case. But by that act he often sets in motion forces which lead to tragic consequences. The prisoner may be introduced to or confirmed in a career of crime; and society's protection may thus be limited to a few days or, at most, a few months.

Probation and Parole

A more sensible attitude would take advantage of the principle of probation. Many convicted misdemeanants could, with perfect safety to the community, be placed on probation or released on their personal bond under the careful supervision of trained officers. Thus the offenders would be enabled to support themselves and their families and save the county thousands of dollars. More important still — probation helps preserve the self-respect of the casual offender and thus minimizes the possibility of his return to crime.

What could be done so successfully with probation could be done also with parole. Both are cheaper and more effective than shutting people up in jail to live in idleness at the public's expense! There is no reason for believing that the parole principle cannot be as successfully applied to the county jail as it has been to the larger prison. At one tenth the cost of keeping men in jail, some of them could be released under rigid supervision.

Languishing today in one of our workhouses is a young man who received ten one-year sentences, to run consecutively (*ten years* in all) for turning in false fire alarms! Regardless of the heartless ferocity of this sentence, shouldn't he have as much of an opportunity to present his case to a parole board as the man who goes to the penitentiary?

Jails reflect the popular notion that there is one law for the rich and another law for the poor. Nearly half the persons in our jails are there because of an inability to pay fines. The wealthy pay and go home. The poor cannot pay, and are sent to prison. "Let them stay out of jail then," say the smug, and piously go about their activities as if the whole problem had been settled.

Common justice and a decent regard for the notion that all men are equal under the law would suggest that a poor prisoner be given an opportunity to pay or work out his fine on the installment plan. This is a practice that has been successfully adopted in several localities.

Bail should be made easier to obtain, in deserving cases. More power should also be lodged in committing magistrates to extend the system of personal recognizance, which is essentially a form of credit with no security except knowledge of the person and belief that he will keep his agreement. Though it is used sparingly at the present time, there is no sound reason why it might not be more generally employed, if magistrates had the proper information at their disposal. To act intelligently on a case, the court needs this information anyway.

Enough has been said to show that local jails, as now constituted, are anachronisms in our social order, that most of them are totally unfit for human habitation, and that much of their underlying philosophy is futile. It should be clear also that in most counties good jails cannot be maintained because there is not a sufficient number of prisoners to justify the expense involved. Moreover, so long as the fee system is continued and the political office of sheriff keeps our jails in the hands of untrained, disinterested workers, the problem is hopeless. What is needed is a thorough reorganization of the whole system, consolidation of the small local jails under State control, and complete abandonment of the operation of such institutions on a fee basis.

In an early issue:
"Graduates from Damnation,"
by Roy Best

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THAT Was Cooking!

by **SIDNEY W. DEAN**

My father was famous locally for his fried oysters and for his lobster "Block Island style," both served for breakfast on Sunday mornings with the accompaniment of piping-hot raised rolls.

My mother knew her baked beans and brown bread and Injun pudding, her chicken and veal potpies with feathery dumplings, and her chicken pies with crust that melted in your mouth.

My grandmother was noted for her home-made sausage meat, her root beer, spruce beer, and mead, and her currant, grape, and gooseberry wines, but as a general cook she was the best of the three.

My mother and my grandmother were adepts in what might be termed early American cookery, which began along the Atlantic tidewaters from Maine to the Carolinas and moved inland and westward, varying the menu and the art according to locality. In fact, practically identical basic receipts can be found in heirloom cookbooks in New England, upstate New York, Ohio and the old Western Reserve, Indiana, Illinois, the Michigan peninsula, Iowa, and, nowadays, Los Angeles. It might prove an interesting culinary tour to trace fricasseed chicken across the continent and note the variants owing, of course, to local ingredients and seasonings and early cookery makeshifts.

Brought up in an atmosphere of nose-tickling and mouth-watering eatables, is it any wonder that as a boy I wanted to cook — especially since camping out was my favorite summer sport during the long vacation and since canned goods in those days were not what they are today? We either cooked our fish, clams, scallops, and small game or we went hungry — and we did not go hungry often.

I can see that old home kitchen now. The family homestead was a two-story-and-a-half colonial, with a kitchen ell and, back of that, a summer kitchen or sink room, with sink and permanent mixing-board dresser about 10 feet in length, under which were ensconced a barrel of haxall bread flour, a barrel of "patent" flour, sugar, molasses, vinegar from our own apples, and a 50-pound pail of homemade lard tried out in the fall from the leaf. (And what souse and head cheese and crackling bread we had in those crisp fall days!)

A large chimney, with a smoke oven for hams and bacon, and a Franklin fireplace took up the space between the cellar stairway and the door into the main kitchen. The latter room was at least twenty feet square, with windows to the south, while on the north side was a sunken pantry closet and a little refrigerator hall opening on the side porch. This kitchen was our favorite sitting room in the

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winter, and there was ample room for boys, dogs, a calico cat, and usually a swarm of kittens, without getting too much under the feet of the cook.

It was a pleasant room, indeed, with its wide floor boards painted a Tuscan red, as were the bricks in the chimney and the fireplace trim. The fireplace had been closed in with a zinc-covered fireboard, and close up against this was a monster range, with a huge copper boiler. We burned coal as a rule, but, when we were broiling steaks or chops, bluefish or shad, the fire was made with birch, and then when the fire pot was a mass of deep coals the lids were replaced with a heavy grid.

Pretty Good for an Amateur

My father was an editor and publisher, and cooking with him — as also his cabinetmaking — was more or less a relief mechanism. He had traveled extensively and, while he was not a gourmet (his regular dinner order at hotels was rare roast beef and potatoes, followed by apple pie), he could do things with fish and shellfish which were the envy of his friends — and, it must be admitted, of my mother. Lobsters and oysters never seemed to have the same savor when she cooked them, although there were no secrets in his stove wizardry.

I can see him now on Sunday mornings in cold weather — when we always had a nine-o'clock breakfast. Oysters were the menu in months with the *R*, lobster during the balance of the year — and this was the unbroken rule as long as we lived in that little old Rhode Island whaling town.

Before him at the kitchen table, which had been drawn up beside the range, was a large bowl of freshly opened oysters, fryers, just as they came from the shell. They had not been touched with fresh water. In another bowl were two fresh eggs, and beside the bowl a hickory egg whip. He did not use an egg beater.

On his special cutting board, about two feet square, he first rolled out bread slices which had been twice heated and browned in the oven. These were rolled almost to a flour. He dipped each large, succulent oyster first in the beaten egg and then in the bread crumbs on the board, turning the oysters again and again until the coating was complete. This process continued until every oyster had been thoroughly coated with crumbs, and then they were set back on the board until he was ready for them.

To amuse us — and perhaps to keep a record of his "fry" — father used to count them out as he dipped them, to the accompaniment of an old nursery rhyme: *One, two, buckle my shoe; three, four, shut the door; five, six, I need more sticks; seven, eight, lay them straight*, and so on, with variations of his own, until the roster of three or four dozen was complete.

(Father also had a mannerism similar to one for which Daniel Webster was noted: He never caught a fish — and he was an enthusiastic fisherman — except with an enthusiastic rendition of couplets from Pope's *Essay on Man*. "Lo, the poor Indian," he would exult as a twenty-pound codfish came tumbling over the coaming of the boat.)

From a thick piece of fat-back salt pork — modern cooks call it larding pork — father next cut a dozen or more slices, scarfing the rind with cuts about a sixteenth of an inch apart on the edge of the cutting board. These slices were fried slowly and carefully in a high-sided cast-iron spider, until every particle of the fat had been fried out of them, and then they were carefully deposited upon a small platter on the cold shelf of the range. When served they were snowy white, crisp and luscious.

Into the almost boiling pork fat in the spider the oysters were lowered gently — there never was more than a quarter-inch of pork fat — and each bivalve was carefully browned and crisped on one side before receiving an equally efficient crisping and browning on the other.

The result was a perfect fried oyster — brown and delectable and appetizing, moist and untoughened in the center, crisp on the outside. To add to the savor, they were eaten with the puffy raised rolls and with bits of the crisp pork with every bite.

This was no modern breakfast — of a roll or toast, orange juice, and coffee — but it was a *meal!* In fact, early American cookery was planned for hearty eaters — man, woman, and child all enjoyed their vittles, and "reducing" was as unknown a system as air-conditioning.

Father's coffee was as good as his oysters, and he always brewed it the same way. His mixture was one third Mocha and two thirds

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Old Government Java, and he leached it through a cone bag through which boiling water was poured — once. He learned the art in Cuba "befo' the Wah," and he always served both hot milk and real cream with it.

In summer his lobster-breakfast procedure differed in detail, but he used the same cast-iron spider, this time with a cover. First he extracted the meat and the green fat from freshly boiled lobsters until he had about a quart of the meat. He saved about a third of the fat, but the lobster meat was cubed or diced into three-quarter-inch pieces, and a large piece of butter was put into the spider and slowly melted. He used no condiments, considering the salt in the butter and lobster to be enough seasoning. It was.

When the butter was melted, the spider was placed on the back of the stove, and the diced lobster and most of the fat turned into it. A careful shaking evened the shellfish over the bottom of the cooking utensil, and then it was covered tightly and put back on the range where it would steam slowly but would not brown.

The principle of this cookery, Father used to say, was simplicity itself. The steam from the butter and from the little water remaining in the lobster meat percolated through the mass, breaking the meat down into fibers and flavoring the dish through and through.

Served piping hot with puffy rolls, it was a breakfast fit for old Lucullus himself. Dad used the green fat not included in the cooked lobster as butter for his rolls. So did some of his guests as a rule, but the lobster was good enough for the rest of us. No lobster since that day has ever tasted so good. It is not generally known in such urban communities as New York and Chicago, where "devils" and Newburgs and thermidors are the rule and where lobster prices run up into the higher brackets. But along the coast of Maine and the New England capes, from Eastport to Wood's Hole, this sea delectable is served when you can get it. It was once indigenous to Block Island, where it was first named. Incidentally the rock lobster and the crayfish of the South lend themselves to similar treatment.

Grandmother Was Good Too

My grandmother knew her oysters, too, but she preferred them creamed or scalloped. She had about twenty ways of cooking salt fish, an art in cookery which began to go out with the advent of refrigerator cars and frozen sea foods but which is still fostered by canny cooks when fresh fish is not available, since it is too precious a heritage to be allowed to die from inanition.

Grandmother would have despised the fish cake of today, with its bulkage of potato, for hers were something to brag about. Not that the dear old lady ever bragged of her cooking — far from it — but compliment it, and a wistful quirk at the corner of her mouth and a demure twinkle in her deep blue eyes indicated that she had not overlooked the encomium, although ostensibly she paid no attention.

This is how she used to make her fish cakes:

Pick the soaked salt fish very fine and use enough to fill a pint bowl lightly. Deposit two bowlsful of pared raw potatoes in a cooking pot or saucepan, top with the fish, and boil for just 30 minutes. Drain off all the water and then mash fish and potato together until very light. Season with black pepper and add a piece of butter the size of an egg and two eggs beaten light. Work all into a fluffy mass and then drop a spoonful at a time into boiling fat. Be careful to get good-shaped spoonfulls through careful manipulation of the spoon. The latter should be dipped in the hot fat each time, to prevent sticking. It takes about 2 minutes each to brown these fish cakes if the fat is hot. They will be found delicious. If placed upon brown paper to drain in a heated oven as soon as cooked, they will not be greasy when served.

As I have already said, Grandmother was famous for her sausage meat. We have all kinds these days, and some of it is better left alone. With the price of the choicer varieties topping that of porterhouse steak, why not try Grandmother Maxwell's receipt, which has been proportionally reduced to the terms of ordinary family demand? She made it in bulk — 40 pounds of meat at a time — and kept it in cloth bags in a cool place, for use as required with her raised buckwheat cakes. But here is her proportional rule:

To five pounds of fresh pork — shoulder is perfectly good, using both fat and lean without the skin — add an ounce and a half of salt, a quarter-ounce of leaf sage, a half-ounce of black pepper, a quarter-ounce of cayenne pepper, a quarter-ounce of sweet marjoram, and a

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half-dozen cloves. Cut pork in small pieces, add seasoning, toss, and then grind fine in a meat chopper — *twice*. Make a cloth bag about three inches in diameter and a foot long — or use an old salt bag — stuff tightly with the sausage meat, and tie the open end of the bag. Then roll into a cylinder and allow to hang in a cool place for three days to season before using. It will be *real* sausage.

As may be imagined, Grandmother's mince pies were well worth the eating, but nobody wants to take the trouble to make mincemeat these days. Her pastry and piecrust were equally delectable, and were made with a half-pound of butter and a quarter-pound of lard to each pound of flour, rolled at least three times and preferably four times.

But she made an egg mince pie, like unto nothing ever seen outside early America, which will be found worth experimenting with. Here is her receipt, just as written in her faded old receipt book, dated at Providence, Rhode Island, on February 2, 1821:

Boil six eggs. Pare and chop six apples. Chop one and a half pounds of beef suet fine. Add one-half pound of currants, one-half pound of seeded raisins, and the peel of a lemon, chopped. If you have it, add a quarter-pound of chopped candied citron. Shred these all together and season with mace, nutmeg, and sugar to taste (she used brown sugar). Moisten with a little cider and further season with a glass of brandy and two glasses of sherry.

Mother's Specialties

Coming down nearer to my generation — my mother's cookery had certain very estimable features about it. I still use some of her favored receipts, notably for chicken dishes — chicken pie and scalloped chicken. Her baked beans were neither "New York" nor "Boston," since she used a combination of sugar and molasses for sweetening and placed an onion in the bottom of her bean pot. Her pork was in one piece, crisp on the scarfed top, and of gelatinous consistency beneath when sliced and served with the beans.

She used to serve huckleberry griddlecakes, made by her own rule, during the berry season, and also berry fritters, using the same batter as for her banana or apple fritters. Pineapple in those days was a rarity.

Mother made her batter with a pint of flour, a half-pint of milk, a tablespoon of butter, melted, a teaspoonful of salt, and two eggs. The eggs were beaten light, and the milk and salt added to them. Half of this was poured on the flour and beaten, then the balance of the milk and the butter, and beaten again. The berries were tossed in a half-and-half combination of flour and powdered sugar and then turned into the mixture. These fritters were sprinkled with powdered sugar while hot from the deep-fat frying kettle.

Her receipt for berry griddlecakes, brought down to date, would be something like this (amount of sweetening depending on individual taste as well as the ripeness of the berries):

To two cups of self-rising flour add one well-beaten egg, three quarters of a cup of sugar, and a quarter of a cup of molasses. Roll a cup of blueberries or huckleberries in a half-and-half mixture of flour and powdered sugar to which a quarter-teaspoonful of nutmeg has been added. (A tablespoonful each of flour and sugar will be sufficient.) Brown on a well-greased griddle on one side until the juice from berries appears in bubbles on top of the cake, then turn and brown the other side. Dipping cake turner in hot fat will prevent sticking.

With crisp bacon these are a welcome addition to the summer menu.

Berry muffins and berry breakfast cake baked in a shallow pan are just as good as they ever were, but a dash of nutmeg helps in accentuating the spicy flavor of the berry, no matter what the variety. Mother always added a scraping of nutmeg to her crushed strawberries when making a shortcake, and the berries turned appreciably wilder in flavor.

There are almost as many ways of making a chicken pie as there are cooks to bake it. Some add oysters, some peas, some carrots; some simply thicken the broth in which the fowl was boiled and add a few diced cooked potatoes. Mother had several receipts she used alternately, but here is her "company" chicken pie:

The chickens or young fowl are washed and cut into joints. These pieces are placed in a stew pan with an onion cut fine, two cups of pared and diced potatoes, a bunch of parsley cut fine, a spoonful of sweet marjoram, a bay leaf, and a few slivers of lemon peel. Season with salt and black pepper and add a piece of butter the size of an egg or an equivalent

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amount of chopped larding pork. Then stew slowly until chicken is done — about an hour.

This mixture is later transferred to the baking dish, and into it are stirred the yolks of two eggs, beaten in a cup of thin cream. The crust, made tender and flaky with extra shortening, is next placed over the dish, vents being cut in the center to permit the steam to escape. If the crust is too tender and shows a tendency to drop into the pie, give it backbone by placing an inverted teacup in the center of the baking dish.

This same receipt, omitting the crust, and with or without dumplings, makes a most delectable fricassee; but add the beaten egg and cream just five minutes before serving and stir in quickly.

Mother's scalloped chicken and oysters and clams were made by the same method, except that with oysters and clams the liquid used was half milk and half clam or oyster liquor. In her scalloped chicken, the broth from the boiled fowl, slightly thickened with flour, was the moistening element. Here is Mother's receipt — I have used it scores of times:

Cut up a chicken or fowl just as you would for pie or fricassee and stew until the bones can be removed. Take out bones and skin and skim most of the fat off the broth. Chop meat coarsely or dice with a knife. Butter a baking dish and cover bottom with a layer of meat. Season with salt and black pepper and cover with bread crumbs, moistening well with the thickened broth. Then add a second layer of the meat, season, more crumbs, more broth, and build the dish nearly full with alternate layers, having the top layer of crumbs. Pour broth over the top, dot generously with butter, and bake covered in a hot oven for 30 minutes. Remove cover and brown. The thickened broth should be the consistency of thick cream.

Scalloped clams were made with the clams cut in small pieces, after the black parts of heads and bodies had been removed. Small oysters were used whole. The crumbs were rolled bread crumbs and cracker crumbs, half and half, and in these dishes the juice of the shellfish and milk were combined half and half for the moistening element. Every layer of scalloped clams or oysters, however, must be dotted with butter; the chicken broth will be found fat enough.

Mother always liked parsnips; we didn't. Nevertheless, she converted us with parsnip pie. It was not a pie in reality but belonged to the fricassee family, but it was good in cold weather (which, incidentally, is the only season in which to eat parsnips). This is how she did it:

She pared and sliced enough potatoes to make a pint and then scraped and sliced an equal amount of parsnips. These were parboiled, until soft, in a pint of water; and then a slice of toast for each diner was placed in the bottom of her turkey-roasting pan, after being thoroughly buttered. Upon this toast, slices of potato and parsnip were spread and salted and peppered generously. Over the top of the piled vegetables were placed thin slices of larding pork (fat back); and, over all, the water in which the vegetables had been parboiled was poured. The combination was placed in a hot oven, and, just as soon as the pork was crisp, the toast brown at the edges, and the top layer of parsnip-potato a delicate amber, it was placed on the table. Incidentally it did not remain there long.

No Restraint in Desserts

Now what of desserts?

Cooks of my grandmother's day went truly hog-wild (as she would have been the first to say had eggs been as expensive then as now).

Imagine a bride's cake calling for twelve eggs to one and a half pounds of flour! Think of a plum cake calling for twelve pounds of flour, five pounds of butter, five pounds of sugar, six pounds of raisins, four ounces of cinnamon, two ounces of cloves, two dozen eggs, a quart of milk, a quart of wine and five pints of yeast! Let us be reasonable in all things.

Perhaps you might relish a carrot pudding. Then mix together a coffee cup of boiled and sifted carrots, five eggs, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, nutmeg, mace, and clove to taste and bake in a deep dish. (It sounds like something out of Pepys' Diary.)

Or an Indian pudding, old style: Add three pints of milk, scalded, to a pint of Indian (white corn) meal, salted. Stir until smooth. Then add two eggs, four ounces of butter, two apples pared and sliced, sugar and molasses to taste. (The majority of old-time cooks used taste as a cookery standard.) Put in a buttered dish and bake for two and a half hours.

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Grandmother and mother had twin red-earthenware bean pots and Indian-pudding dishes.

Did you ever hear of rocks? (No, not Plymouth.) They were once sold widely in Gloucester and Salem and Marblehead, yet this receipt comes to you from Iowa:

Crack and shell twelve ounces of English walnuts and chop quite fine. Cream together a cup of butter, one and a half cups of sugar, three eggs and three cups of flour. Stir in a teaspoon of cinnamon and a teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little warm water and then add two tablespoons of milk. Mix well and then drop from a teaspoon upon a greased cooky sheet and bake. Drop only small quantities, without rolling or spreading.

How about dough cake or poor man's pudding or gingerbread made with cold tea? Or apple cake to be eaten with molasses sauce? Or apple pie, flavored with lemon and sweetened after it is baked?

The gingerbread was a specialty of the oldest descendant of an original settler when I was a boy, and many times have I enjoyed it when visiting her at the Old Ark — the oldest house in town — in which her people had lived since the seventeenth century.

Abby used one and a half cups of molasses, one cup of shortening, half lard and half butter, a teaspoon of saleratus dissolved in two tablespoons of cold tea (green tea in her case), a tablespoon of ginger, flour enough to roll out if for cookies, enough to make a thin mix if for baking in a loaf.

It was simple enough in Mother's day to make a dough cake (some called it raised cake), for baker's bread was anathema except for crumbs or for stuffing poultry and enough dough could be saved out of the bread mix to meet cake requirements. Here is a tested receipt for a cake men usually like because it is chewy:

Five cups of dough, three cups of sugar, one and a half cups of butter, two thirds of a cup of milk, ground cloves and nutmeg, a teaspoon of saleratus dissolved in a little warm water. (Use baking powder, if you wish, but only a little, as there is yeast in the dough.)

Suppose you want something "different" for dessert and have a few apples available. Try your hand at this variant of a dutch apple cake with molasses sauce:

Mix a pint of flour, 2 scant teaspoons of baking powder, a tablespoon of butter, a little salt, an egg, a half-cup of sugar, and a scant cup of milk. Mix and pour into a greased baking pan and over the top place 3 or 4 apples, pared and sliced thin and dusted with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a hot oven for 45 minutes and while it is baking prepare the sauce:

One cup of sugar, one tablespoon of molasses, one tablespoon of butter, a half-pint of boiling water. Mix a teaspoon of flour with the sugar before adding water. Salt, add nutmeg or lemon peel or both, and finally boil up once or twice.

As for pies — there were custard and apple and mince and lemon and pumpkin and Hubbard squash and quince and pear and berry; and they even (believe it or not) ate them for breakfast!

Perhaps we are more civilized in our diet; perhaps, to the contrary, our education has been neglected. In the depths of older America three kinds of doughnuts — plain and raised and molasses — and three kinds of pie — always including apple — still appear, although perhaps in rotation, at the matutinal meal. And fried apple pies — how good they were just from the deep iron frying kettle on the fiery range, and how peevish we used to get because mother was modern-minded and was sure they were indigestible!

Give Them Credit

When we stop to consider that our grandmothers and our mothers (if you belong to the same generation as I do) labored under great difficulties in their stewing and roasting and baking and that all preparation was manual — since there were no choppers but the chopping bowl and knife, no oven thermometers, and few can openers (thank heaven!) — we are amazed at the results obtained.

It is fascinating to delve into the recesses of a more than a century-old cookbook, as I have done, and attempt to bring such receipts up to date. We have no pearlash instead of baking powder, no Demerara sugar, and our yeast comes in medicinal cakes instead of from a stoppered jug in a cool cellarway — but could our grandmothers cook?

I ask you!

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The Artist's Point of View

My Creed for Art Education

LAST MONTH I made some unkind remarks about a certain unnamed museum art school. This month I want to balance the account by stating what, according to my experience, should be the base of all art education, whether for the child, the amateur adult, or the professional artist and designer. Not that any one conception should dictate uniformity in all goals and methods — I am not arguing that. I am arguing that one standard of values can and should be the base of all creative art teaching. Within this one very general standard there is plenty of room for all manner of diversities, technical skills, and media.

This general standard of values has emerged from the modern movement. It is international in scope. It is widely understood and practiced. It is also widely misunderstood, distorted, vitiated, violated, and denied. The chaos in art teaching standards all over the country, in spite of recent additions to knowledge, is one of the remarkable evidences of the power of the human mind to resist and exclude new ideas, as I said last month. Several new art instruction magazines have recently started and are apparently making a financial success, though based on the naturalistic standards of the last century, and certain modern artists, when teaching, fall back on the academic practices of their early training — practices which their own work denies.

Here, then, are the axioms of my credo:

All creative art teaching and art practice should be based on feeling and sensing. It should not be intellectual. As intellect comes into play it should be subordinate to feeling.

The design sense — i.e., the power to organize color, form, line, and space into visual harmonies — should be developed before technical skill in rendering subject. As this design sense grows, it can be applied to subject even in early training, but always the feeling for design should be dominant. Once thoroughly absorbed, this process becomes automatic; then emphasis can be shifted to subject, and subject can give character to design.

All technical skills should be by-products of creation — not goals in themselves. The full energy should go into feeling for color, design, and, at first, a rough generalization of subject, in order to develop creative power. On this solid foundation, skill can be built as a necessary means to making real a creative conception. The lack of this skill is a much lesser evil than the lack of these art qualities of the ages.

The great, enduring values in works of art are aesthetic, not practical. That is to say, a picture which is a work of creative art is first of all valuable as the peculiar, different expression of a human soul and as an experience in color and form harmony. It is not primarily valuable as a story or record of facts seen in nature or as an evidence of technical skill. It is something which is to be felt and enjoyed rather than recognized and admired. Skill is a means, not an end.

These, I am saying, are or should be the basic axioms in all creative art teaching. They place emphasis and value on those qualities in pictures which are least understood by the great public today but which must be understood if we as a nation are to use the arts. It is the aesthetic experience of thrilling to chords of color and form, rather than the practical one of drawing correct perspective or telling a story with pictured facts, which will really broaden the cultural life. Intellectualizing the arts — i.e., knowing about art, artists, and methods — is not aesthetic experience. It alone does not give one the power to enjoy or participate in and use the emotional excitements in the great fields of color, space, and form.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

BECAUSE of the increasing quantity of manuscripts, Jessica Nelson North no longer finds it possible to shoulder the full duties of associate editor of *Poetry*. She has asked to be relieved of some of the work, in order to devote more time to her novel writing. Peter DeVries, who has been acting as first reader since April, has kindly consented to remain and now joins the staff permanently as associate editor. Mr. DeVries is a young Chicago writer who has contributed poems and fiction to *Esquire*, *Story*, etc. He appeared for the first time in *Poetry* last January.

THE FORUM has never received more letters about poetry that we have published than we did about "Before Balboa," by Robin Lampson.

In our August page we quoted incorrectly the price of *Courage of the Pilgrims*, by Leo McGinley Long (M. & K. Publishing Co.). The price is $2.00.

POETS AT WORK

EDGAR LEE MASTERS, who is the author of 41 books, about a quarter of which are prose, is working on another volume of poems. Mr. Masters, whose past concern has been American history and the American scene, is now writing long philosophical poems, like his recently published *Hymn to the Unknown God*, and others in a new vein.

Malcolm Cowley, after a period of rest from poetry, is again at work. In 1935, after a profound silence, he wrote just one poem, in 1936 two poems, in 1937 three poems, in 1938 four poems. He attributes his years of inactivity to the fact that he had reached the end of a vein. After completing a book of new poems, Mr. Cowley hopes to bring out an enlarged edition of *Blue Juniata*, first published in 1929.

Alfred Kreymborg is working on a series of ten short poetical dramas for N.B.C. All on animals, the plays touch on and satirize human family life and economic, social, and political implications of the modern scene. Because of their whimsy, irony, and satire they have been compared to the work of the ancient fabulist, Aesop.

Rolfe Humphries, in Mexico on his Guggenheim fellowship award, is working on an extensive, though not complete, translation of the poetry of Garcia Lorca. This will include the gypsy ballads and the New York poems.

Tom Boggs is preparing *Lyrics in Brief: 1300–1938*, an anthology of lyrics taken from longer poems, in some cases with only a few lines or stanzas not included. A second anthology, *Fourteen Moderns*, will feature poets who have not yet achieved the recognition which they deserve — poets mostly young, some of whom have not yet published in book form. Each poet will have four pages devoted to his work. Both these volumes will feature poems not well known and not easily accessible, as did Mr. Boggs's recent *51 Neglected Lyrics*, published by Macmillan.

Oscar Williams is preparing his second "first" book, *Citizen of the Three Divided Tenses*. His first volume appeared during the period when he was writing before 1921. Since resuming, in 1937, Mr. Williams' poems have appeared in distinguished publications at home and abroad.

Charles Wagner, literary editor of the *Daily Mirror*, is completing his third book of poems, *Subway Pilgrims and Other Poems*. The two earlier books were *Nearer the Bone* and *Poems of the Soil and the Sea*.

A. M. SULLIVAN

A. M. SULLIVAN has completed a book of essays based on his weekly radio talks over WOR, called *There Is No Prose*. Mr. Sullivan is also assembling a book of his own poems, which will include that recently published in *Esquire*, *Midnight Caravan*.

Boris Todrin, author of the recently published *7 Men*, is working on a long poem set in Mexico, with the tentative title *Maximillian of Mexico*. Mr. Todrin, who has recently become associate editor of *One Act Play Magazine*, after a summer in Peterborough, is also working on poetic plays, one of which will have been given by WNYC by the time this note appears.

Louise Nicholl, author of the recently published poetic autobiography, *The Blossom Print*, has a book of poems, *Water and Light*, scheduled for spring publication by E. P. Dutton.

Selden Rodman, who edited that remarkable collection *A New Anthology of Modern Poetry*, is working on a book of his own short poems as well as a play, the scene of which is the French Revolution.

Marshall Schacht, one of the important poets of the younger group, is working in the library of the Children's Aid Society in Hell's Kitchen. Mr. Schacht is drafting some new poems.

Jean Starr Untermeyer is interrupting her poetry by writing a novel. She says of it, "I have undertaken a difficult task, one with many angles, that calls for insight and imagination as well as knowledge."

Charlotte Wilder is assembling a book of poems in the traditional form.

Mark Turbyfill, author of *The Marriage With Space* and one of the group which gathered about *Poetry* in the 'twenties, is working on a play dealing with Cap Streeter, a character who used to live in Chicago.

Rose O'Neill, whose fame as a poet was overshadowed by her creation of the once popular fad, the Kewpie Doll, is now writing her memoirs. Her book of poems was published in 1922 by Liveright.

Robert Frost has undertaken an extensive reading and lecture tour in the Middle West.

Walter de la Mare, whose *Memory and Other Poems* was published by Henry Holt in September, is working on another volume of poems.

A. Day Lewis is working on a book of poems, *Overtures to Death*, which Random House will publish, probably in 1939.

Arthur Guiterman has completed a book, *Ballads of Old New York*, which is scheduled for spring publication.

CUMMINGS

IN a recent lecture, Louis Untermeyer turned the tables when an audience maintained that E. E. Cummings was an extremely difficult poet, whose poems failed to meet the essential test of reading or being read aloud, by playing a phonograph record of Cummings' own reading of seven poems.

Sister Mary Madeleva, whose *Gates and Other Poems* was published by Macmillan in the spring, is collecting her poems into a volume of *Selected Poems*. May Lamberton Becker called this poet "the best known poet nun in America."

Poetry contest awards on page 227

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of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of March 3, 1933, of THE FORUM and Century *published monthly at Concord, N. H., for October 1, 1938*

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edward F. Healey, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE FORUM and Century and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: *Publisher,* FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; *Editor,* HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; *Managing Editor,* PHYLLIS MOIR, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; *Business Manager,* EDWARD F. HEALEY, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

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EDWARD F. HEALEY
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1938.

[SEAL] JOHN A. MULLER
(My commission expires March 31, 1940.)

THE RECORD REVIEW

DEBUSSY: IBERIA. New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, conducted by John Barbirolli (Victor M, AM 460; 3 records, $5.50).

HAYDN: SYMPHONY NO. 93 IN D MAJOR. Sir Thomas Beecham & the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia 336; 3 records, $5.00).

PROKOFIEFF: LIEUTENANT KIJE—SUITE. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor (Victor M, AM 459; 3 records, $6.50).

FRANCK: QUINTET FOR PIANO & STRINGS IN F MINOR. E. Robert Schmitz & the Roth String Quartet (Columbia 334; 5 records, $7.50).

DVORAK: CONCERTO IN B MINOR FOR 'CELLO & ORCHESTRA. Pablo Casals & the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Georg Szell (Victor M, AM 458; 5 records, $10.00).

BEETHOVEN: 'EGMONT' OVERTURE. Felix Weingartner & the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia record 69195, $1.50).

BRAHMS: SONATA IN E-FLAT (Opus 120, No. 2) William Primrose, viola, & Gerald Moore, piano (Victor M, AM 422, 3 records, $6.50).

DEBUSSY's Iberia is no more. The land still remains. The sun still shines. But Iberia is dead — destroyed by those who know only the might of steel. Nevertheless Spain will live again. Spain will resurrect the sensuous warmth of the peasants. Spain will revive the ineffable perfume of rich, Latin life. Iberia will thrive once more; and Debussy's score, with its shimmering beauty, its haunting rhythms and bewitching jocundity — all that is genuinely Spain — will be its apotheosis.

As you listen to Debussy's music you know that there is something in the hearts of the Spanish people that will never die, that will never yield to the barbarians who would annihilate anything which has the vaguest semblance of human touch.

There can be no more adequate commentary on this particular performance of the music than that it is a vividly etched portrait of the land that was and the land that again will be. Mr. Barbirolli leans backward. He restrains the impulse to allow the music to slip out of hand and become vulgarly sensual. He plays the score as written; his imagination consists in letting the music speak for itself to convey an impression of a sunny land whose physiognomy has been darkened by the will of tyrants.

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The Record Review

at its absence from recorded literature until now. The Symphony was written as the first of twelve for the London impresario, Salomon. In the catalogues, however, it is listed as Salomon Set No. 2.

This is unquestionably one of Haydn's greatest works, revealing him as a man of keen feeling, as against the usual fiction of his perpetual joviality and carefreeness. Almost everywhere in the music, a note of hushed complaint, of sadness fighting an urge to have itself expressed, lingers as a dark undertone. And, in the poignant slow movement, the urge is triumphant.

Beecham's reading is superb, and the recording is in step with Columbia's recent brilliant records of foreign orchestras. Perhaps the main body of the first movement is taken too heavily; but, compensated for by the poetic yet vigorous quality of the remainder of the work and by some of the most exquisite oboe and bassoon passages I have ever heard, this fact may be easily overlooked.

To those who contend that functional music must necessarily remain stiff and mechanical, I recommend Prokofieff's suite of lovable nonsense as a refutation.

Lieutenant Kije was a mythical character brought into being when an imperial officer had disturbed the Czar's sleep; and his fellow officers, to prevent the culprit's banishment to Siberia, named the ficticious Kije as the offender. All of this delightful idiocy found itself into a motion picture, *The Czar Wants to Sleep*, for which Prokofieff's Lieutenant Kije suite constituted part of the score.

The music is as entertaining as the story is ludicrous. Pompous, boisterous, and at times pathetically melancholic, it complements the pictorial satire of military life under Czarist regime.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra surpass even their customary high level of performance, and Victor's recording is the last word to date in reproduction.

What greatly vexes me is Victor's slipshod research. The leaflet accompanying the records contains two glaring errors of fact. Contrary to the statement that Victor could not discover that the film, *Lieutenant Kije*, had been exhibited here, it actually ran for a long time under the title quoted above. Furthermore, the first American performance of the suite was given not in Boston but in Cambridge at the Sanders Theatre, on October 14, 1937, instead of October 15, as Victor states.

On the sixth side is a rerecording of the March and Scherzo from Prokofieff's "Love of Three Oranges."

The recording by Mr. Schmitz and the Roths is a necessary replacement for those who like the mystical excursions of César Franck. It is a splendid set mechanically, despite the noticeable residue in the Columbia discs. Mr. Schmitz and his colleagues give an impassioned performance, one which will exalt the worshipers at the Franck shrine. I prefer to refrain from making a value judgment on the music itself, as my bias inevitably would be exposed.

Some say Feuermann is our finest living 'cellist. More says Casals. Taste is always a subjective matter. I like both — but each for a specific kind of music. Dvorak is an ideal vehicle for Casals' vibrant, passionate tone.

The music itself is lush and romantic and will assuredly horrify purists. But it will touch the hearts of those who enjoy the nineteenth-century kind of sentimental melody, which Casals amplifies with succulence. The orchestra, under Georg Szell, provides a fitting accompaniment, and the hall where the recording was made is one which the N.B.C. engineers may indeed envy. Victor makes the most of an opportunity to record Casals at his best with a fine Orchestra.

For a single disc, try Weingartner's version of the much played "Egmont" overture. After a variety of overrefined Egmonts via radio and the concert hall, this rough and real version comes like the smell of clean earth. Here is a performance which completely satisfies and also testifies once again to the unornamented elementality of Weingartner's Beethoven.

Brahms wrote this sonata for three versions: clarinet and piano, viola and piano, violin and piano. Neither of the last two versions can compare with the original, for the singular timbre of the clarinet is irreplaceable. Yet, in the hands of so supreme a violist as Mr. Primrose, a viola version has its distinct asset. Mr. Moore performs the piano part admirably; Victor's recording is lucid and spacious. If this set is a forerunner of more Primrose recordings, it has still a further value.

Arthur Wallace Hepner

(A review by Mr. Hepner of Nicholas Slonimsky's Music Since 1900 *appears on page VI of this issue.)*

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Forum Quiz Answers

(see page 240)

1. (3) *"What's the President going to do next?"*
2. (3) *That's sweetly play'd in tune.*
3. (1) *$65,000,000,000. Estimated.*
4. (2) *Tommy Hitchcock, Jr.*
5. (3) *A Young Kentuckian who writes of the hill country.*
6. (1) *5 loaves and 2 fishes. Mark, Luke, John agree to this; one reference in Matthew agrees also, another says 7 loaves and a few fishes.*
7. (2) *Inherited shares in the Homestake mine.*
8. (1) *An amphibian common to the U. S.*
9. (1) *The modern supermarket. Uplifts were worn in ancient times.*
10. (3) *"Gen. Wm. Booth Enters Into Heaven," by Vachel Lindsay.*
11. (3) *Phillippines. The word should have only one "l."*
12. (4) *Dr. Johnson edited one of the first dictionaries.*
13. (1) *357 mph.*
14. (1) *Declining in the country as a whole.*
15. (3) *Edna St. Vincent Millay.*
16. (2) *Harvest festivals are as old as civilization.*
17. *Either* (1) *a keen push-piper, or* (2) *hot on the slush pump.* (3) *refers to the xylophone.*
18. (2) *See them through a telescope. Asteroids are a small group of planets between Mars and Jupiter.*
19. (3) *Camel. 45,000,000,000 annually.*
20. (2) *Let the buyer beware.*
21. (2) *Sculpture.*
22. (3) *"With Malice Toward Some." By Margaret Halsey; good book, too.*
23. (1) *Benjamin Franklin.*
24. (2) *A British clipper ship built in 1869. However, you may also count* (3) *as correct, as the cutty sark is also a short chemise. Wearers of kilties NEVER use them.*
25. (2) *James T. Farrell.*
26. (1) *An English village whose people were simple-minded.*
27. (3) *Cliché.*
28. (3) *Little or no scenery is used in the play.*
29. (2) *Sears Roebuck catalogue. It goes to 6,500,000 Americans twice a year.*
30. (3) *Heinrich Heine to his sweetheart. "Zu der Lauheit under der Flauheit," translated by Louis Untermeyer.*
31. (3) *Thomas Benton.*
32. (1) *It is simple and well suited to purpose.*
33. (3) *25,000,000.*
34. (2) *"Certainly; where is the fronton?" The* fronton *is the court.*
35. (1) *Sherwin-Williams paint.*
36. (2) *Dodge it and heave a brick back. Shillelagh: a stout wooden club.*
37. (3) *It has the oldest and most successful summer opera.*
38. (2) *Sydney Wooderson.*
39. (2) *Willie Turnesa.*
40. (2) *Greyhound.*

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Travel Briefs

by **HARRY J. PRICE**

WELL, now that the feverish temperature of Europe has cooled a bit, you can remake those plans you canceled, to wander about in England and on the Continent. There are plenty of travel bargains for you abroad. Did you ever think of giving yourself (or someone else) a Christmas-present trip?

¶ Europe is particularly attractive at this time of the year; and Christmas, 1938, will probably go down in history as one justly celebrated for its symbol of peace.

¶ Add to Europe the numerous Caribbean, South American, African, Mediterranean, and round-the-world cruises on the market and you'll have some idea of what real bargain hunting can unearth.

¶ Personal choice, based on the belief that the policies and tactics of government in no way affect the inherent qualities of the people themselves, would take me back to the Thuringian forest area around Coburg. Mention of it brings to mind the indescribable beauties of the countryside — the solitude and peacefulness of the hills and valleys . . . the charm of the people . . . and the never ending store of surprises in each village.

¶ Make your headquarters in Coburg if you insist on some vestige of urbanity, but do walk — not run or cycle or motor — to such delightful spots as Eisfeld, Hildburghausen, Heldburg, Neustadt, Bad Kissingen, Lichtenfels, to map some of the surrounding countryside.

¶ Marvel (to mention only one instance) at the Vesta Heldburg — a medieval castle situated atop a conical hill some hundreds of feet high and round which, from the foot, you circle upward to the castle itself through such constant vistas of rural beauty as to leave you breathless with amazement.

¶ And be prepared for the surprise of your life when you pass through the castle gates into the courtyard, for there on the wall, facing northwest as I remember (in which direction lies England), you will find an enormous mural depicting St. George and the dragon. The effect is startling, to say the least, and the workmanship is superb.

¶ P. S. — If you've timed your walk to arrive at the Vesta Heldburg about lunchtime and you look hungrily at the warden, he'll probably take pity on you in the material form of some of the best venison you'll ever taste — to say nothing of the wines with which to help it down!

¶ That's what happened to me, anyway — and I couldn't wish you better luck.

¶ As a last hint, let me suggest also that, when you decide to go to Thuringia, you surely include the Rhine trip from Koln (Cologne) to Mainz as part of your itinerary. You'll never regret it.

Did you know that—

¶ Denbigh, Wales, was the birthplace of the workhouse boy, John Rowlands, known in later life as Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer and finder of David Livingstone. ⁄ Antony and Cleopatra, whose love won undying fame, were married in Korfu, Greece. ⁄ The early history of the port of London — home port of Cunard White Star's new *Mauretania* — is shrouded in the mists of antiquity. As far back as A.D. 43, however, the Roman invaders of Britain were enabled to cross the Thames by a rude structure on the site of the present London Bridge and found the "Pool" guarded by a fort, as indicated in London's ancient Celtic name of Llyndum — the fort on the lake. ⁄ Canberra, the federal capital of Australia, is set in a vast amphitheater in the foothills of the Australian Alps, 200 miles from Sydney. It is a garden city of wattle blossom, of flowering almond, cherry, peach, and plum. There are long avenues of decorative trees, of white buildings, and thousands of tulips which transform the city into a blaze of color in springtime. ⁄ No point in Cuba is more than 40 miles from the sea. ⁄ The Antilles, as the West Indies were called on maps showing an extension of 1,000 miles west of the Azores, were listed long before Columbus set out on his first voyage. ⁄ *Minister* is a corruption of *monastery* — which explains the names of English towns and cities like Kidderminster. ⁄ Norwich cathedral is the least altered of Norman religious structures in England. Edith Cavell, the nurse who was executed as a spy in the World War, is buried just outside St. Luke's Chapel, under the cathedral wall. It is the old burying ground of the monks, a little eastward-facing grass plot called Life's Green. Her grave is marked by a white-marble cross, is planted with evergreens for the winter, lilies for summer, and daffodils for spring. ⁄ Haifa, main port of Palestine, is only about 100 years old. The ancient Haifa is several miles away. The view from Mt. Carmel, above the city, embraces half of Palestine. ⁄ And there's a telephone on nearly every farm in Iceland, farming being the main support of about 40 per cent of that country's 120,000 people.

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TOASTS

WILLIAM OLIVER STEVENS was born in Rangoon, Burma, of American missionary parents, and came to this country at the age of 8. He studied at Yale and later taught at the Naval Academy at Annapolis for 21 years. He is the author of *History of Sea Power.*

SYLVIA STEVENSON, English author of four novels (*The Flowering Aloe* was the last), has been traveling busily and writing articles for the past year or so. Writing from the Channel Island of Sark, last August, she said she expected to go to Hungary in the fall to collect material for another book.

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR, an old FORUM contributor, has recently published a number of articles about the Oxford Group.

The **ANONYMOUS** author of "They Said I Was Mad!" had a nurse's training before the war and later served as worker with refugee children in France. In more recent years she has done fashion designing and newspaper fashion work and held a secretarial position.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, the English actress who delighted New York audiences last winter in *Susan and God,* went on tour with the play in August.

FRANK J. TAYLOR began a career in journalism in California, served as a war correspondent in Europe, and worked for a number of Eastern newspapers after the war. Since 1924 he has been an advertising writer and also is the author of many books and magazine articles.

CHRISTINE H. STURGEON is an American at present living in Scotland, where her husband is doing research work at the University of Edinburgh. She is a keen student of international affairs and active in the work of numerous groups striving to promote international order.

JOHN A. MCAFEE, born in Missouri, spent five years in business in Kansas and then entered the Presbyterian ministry. Now, 21 years later, he has a pastorate in Maryville, Tennessee, and also teaches sociology in Maryville College.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS is widely known as a Washington correspondent for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and as author of *Sweden: the Middle Way.*

JAMES V. BENNETT, after army service during the war, was appointed Assistant Investigator in the United States Bureau of Efficiency. Later he was a member of the Personnel Classification Board and, finally, of the Bureau of Prisons, of which he is now Director.

SIDNEY W. DEAN, onetime managing editor of the *Boston Herald* and veteran of a career on trade magazines, has made cooking a hobby for years. His talents, which serve him as an expert adviser to publications in the luncheonette and soda-fountain industry, will be spread soon in *A Man in the Kitchen.*

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J. GEORGE FREDERICK is a writer, business economist, and publisher — the author of many books on business and economics, including *A Philosophy of Production, Readings in Economic Planning, and A Primer of New Deal Economics.*

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, having edited several popular magazines, is now free lancing and, he claims, enjoying it more. He occasionally takes on a few lecture dates and taught a class in English poetry at Columbia University last summer.

GEORGE B. ANDERSON spent his summers during college years touring the Middle West as "the man with the X-ray eyes" and in a vaudeville act called "Exposing the Medium." He has been in newspaper work on the advertising side for some years and occasionally writes magazine fiction.

WILLIAM L. PROSSER is professor of law at the University of Minnesota Law School. Formerly in private practice, he has specialized in recent years in the law of torts and is editor in chief of the *Minnesota Law Review.*

ERNEST LUNDEEN, another Minnesota lawyer, first held political office in 1910, when he was elected to the Minnesota House of Representatives. He was elected to a seat in the United States Senate in 1937.

MILLARD E. TYDINGS was the subject of a largely laudatory article in THE FORUM, by Oswald Garrison Villard, in December, 1936. Senator Tydings, who has held a seat in the upper chamber since 1927 and was re-elected this fall, lives in Havre de Grace, Maryland.

MARY M. COLUM, after a summer spent abroad, chiefly in Paris, studying under a Guggenheim fellowship, has returned to New York City for the winter.

ROBERT H. JACKSON, a native of Jamestown, New York, is Solicitor General of the United States and for several years has been a prominent leader and adviser in Administration circles in Washington.

LOUISE M. NEUSCHUTZ organized the first evening class in lip reading for hard-of-hearing adults in the public schools of Manhattan. Her present article will form part of a book she is completing, for the instruction of deafened persons.

ROGER WILLIAM RIIS served in the Office of Naval Intelligence during the War and later was a newspaperman and magazine editor. His present work is in the public-relations field. He is a director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

OTTO H. KAHN, the late noted financier, was buried in Memorial Cemetery, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, at his death in 1934. Dr. Samuel H. Goldenson, of Temple Emanu-El, conducted his funeral services at that time.

To People who want to write but can't get started — don't

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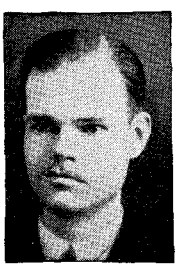

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THOMAS PAINE, LIBERATOR — Frank Smith (Stokes, $3.00).
THE JOURNALS OF BRONSON ALCOTT — edited by Odell Shepard (Little, Brown, $5.00).
WHITMAN — Newton Arvin (Macmillan, $2.75).
OUR PROMISED LAND — Richard Neuberger (Macmillan, $3.00).
MARGARET SANGER — An Autobiography (Norton, $3.50).
THIS IS DEMOCRACY: COLLECTIVE BARGAINING IN SCANDINAVIA — Marquis W. Childs (Yale, $2.50).
WHITHER AMERICA? — Hans Christian Sonne (Business Bourse, $3.50).
SUCH SWEET COMPULSION — Geraldine Farrar (Greystone, $3.00).
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC — compiled by Albert E. Weir (Macmillan, $10.00).
LONDON MUSIC IN 1888-89 — George Bernard Shaw (Dodd, Mead, $2.50).

If ever books about the past had an inviting and contemporary ring, this season's do. Letters, biographies, evaluations remind us how many passages in America's earlier years are very much up to date.

The stirring life and times of the Revolutionary War's ace agitator fill the clear, readable pages of *Thomas Paine, Liberator*, by Frank Smith. An inconspicuous English corset maker, who tried his hand unsuccessfully at being a tobacconist, Paine might have lived his aimless life out in obscurity but for the stroke of luck that dropped him on our shores little more than a year before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. He was one of those rare geniuses who fulfills himself only in a time of crisis and he immediately gave voice to the most compelling desires of the colonists.

Paine was probably the best pamphleteer the world has ever known. By his superlative talent for building up morale, he saved our wobbly revolution from defeat and then moved on to offer help, though much less effectively, to the French. When he was not turning out spirited manifestoes or provocative letters, Paine tinkered with inventions. A steel bridge occupied his dreams long before such a structure linked the banks of any American river. Often his midnight hammerings annoyed the not altogether appreciative Yankees, who began to retreat from his persistent ardor for reform. Finally scorned, hated even, for religious heresies, Paine was denied the right to vote in the country he had helped create; and no church would conduct his funeral service. A Frenchwoman who recalled his aid to her fatherland, a kindly Quaker, and two negroes followed his body to a grave on Paine's own farm.

To this prophet, so long without much honor in the land of his adoption, Mr. Smith pays vigorous tribute in a biography that is as strong and swift in its movement as one of Paine's own pamphlets.

Another exhorter kept our conscience on the *qui vive* as this country's second great crisis approached. This one was a dreamy New England philosopher who was at the same time a daring teacher. The record of all the ferment attending the abolition movement, arguments about evolution, about transcendentalism, about everything mid-century, appear in *The Journals of Bronson Alcott*, edited by Odell Shepard, already famed as Alcott's biographer.

Here the intimate confessions of a very religious man stand side by side with his practical notes on carpentry, remarks on the amount of funds raised by John Brown at a meeting of Concord intellectuals, or revelations of the tenderest paternal feeling for his young daughter, Louisa May. In the pages of his day books every swift eddy and cross-current of America's life before, during, and after the Civil War is most sensitively reflected. Like his friends, Emerson and Thoreau, Alcott was profoundly stirred by the publication of *Leaves of Grass;* and, among his many graphic portraits of his contemporaries, keen observations on Whitman now come out for the first time. This is a rich volume, in which to browse is to be delighted.

Newton Arvin's *Whitman* fits near the top of our Christmas list. Clean-cut, compact, this book is not a biography or even an essay in the usual sense. It is a kind of handy map of Whitman's continent-sized mind.

The abundance of the man was bounded, we learn, on several sides by politics. He was stump orator long before he was poet. On another frontier stretches the vast new realm of science. He had close relation to the domain of letters — and an illimitable capacity for friendliness and affection. Whitman was great precisely because he was thoroughly at home in, indeed was a part of, all the major, healthy phenomena of his time. He loved life and learning, a little bluster now and then,

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The Book Forum

and — above all — people. Loving them, he became unconsciously the spokesman of their hegemony. He was, in other words, the full-throated voice of democracy at a moment when it was decidedly virile. In Professor Arvin, he has found his most stimulating and most robust interpreter.

So much for the past. Richard Neuberger gives us a whirl at the future in *Our Promised Land*, a juicy and cheerful handbook of what everybody ought to know about the Pacific northwest States. There our next great expansion seems likely to take place; for this huge area, still unexploited, is rich in natural resources — so rich you can scarcely imagine a limit to the plenty it can in time provide for millions of people. But, lest you dream of Utopia gently opening for business, Mr. Neuberger presents in his genial journalist's way all the hazards of this last frontier. Plans for big government irrigation and electrification projects may go down before utility companies on the warpath. Already farmers and factory builders have their border feud over power rates. And, if the new dams ruin the salmon fishing, then there will be more trouble.

Nevertheless, the author does share President Roosevelt's belief that this is indeed the promised land. He has covered it from turbulent water front to forested hinterland. He knows its statesmen, loggers, Mormon self-helpers, dust-bowl refugees, labor czars; and he brings them alive in his book. Everywhere in the sun-down States he finds a combination of exuberance and liberality that justify his faith and make the story he has to tell as lively as you could wish.

For twenty-five fighting years, Margaret Sanger has been a whole army in her war to make birth control practical and legal. Her *Autobiography*, personal, detailed, and candid, reveals the growth not only of one personality but of a whole social force.

Warm of heart, but thoroughly unsentimental, Margaret Sanger succeeded in turning her pity for desperate mothers of too many children into a pitiless crusade against ignorance and prejudice. Others eventually joined her. Overburdened mothers themselves, in one five-year period, sent her over a million letters begging for help. Help them she did, though she had to scheme, maneuver, and periodically go to jail. That she can recall all this with detachment and a certain humor is not the least of her accomplishments. For selflessness, for resource and spirit, for sublime, indomitable persistence, she stands out among the valiant women of our time.

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The Book Forum

If presidential investigating committees were not sufficient to call our attention to Scandinavia, the fact that no major social disturbance is going on there would make it unique these days. Sweden, Norway, and Denmark are not seething volcanoes; and a lucid, consequential account of why they don't seethe proves timely reading.

In *This Is Democracy: Collective Bargaining in Scandinavia*, Marquis W. Childs gives broad outlines to the story he sketched for last month's Forum. How labor organizes in those temperate climes, how farmer and worker co-operate, how labor governments govern — all this is packed into his brief book. With the present disturbance about our Labor Relations Board, we can look for pointers in his calm account of employer-employee relationships in these amazingly stable northern societies. Facts are more apparent in Mr. Childs' survey than special pleading, and they are presented with clarity and conviction.

Scandinavian by birth, Hans Christian Sonne has lived for many years in this country. His program for better times, growing out of special theories on banking and finance, is explained in *Whither America?* What he prescribes is not the middle but the reducing way. He believes that taxes, wages, control of banks, presidential terms, even the number of people allowed to vote should all be scaled down. Other of his recommendations include birth control and sterilization, the training of legislators for their jobs, a national campaign to find employment.

Large sections of the American public, which is not opera-going as a rule, used to turn out eagerly to hear Geraldine Farrar sing in no matter what opera. It wasn't only her voice that won hearts otherwise musically hard. Now that she has written her autobiography, *Such Sweet Compulsion*, you can begin to guess where her magic lay. She was a great artist but she was also lovable, forthright, and no more touched with the peculiar madness of genius than was the cracker barrel in the general store of the New England town where she was born. She estimated her own gifts as an actress and singer shrewdly and then enjoyed them with as much naïve pleasure as did her audiences. When she suspected she might soon be past her greatest, she retired from the Metropolitan, her pride and her popularity intact. The gesture was as endearing as her art.

The gossip, the sophistication, the flamboyance and artificiality of the opera world still amaze and annoy her a little. A good fit of temper she can understand — indulge in even at times herself — but temperament escapes her. Although she loathes physical exercise and is mortally fearful of horses, she rode meekly forth in armor every day for the filming of *Joan the Woman*, until a runaway gave the producer the idea of calling in a double. But let a hostess suggest that Miss Farrar sing at a party, and she can create a memorably indignant scene. It is this mixture of simplicity and sharpness, of generosity and common sense that enlivens all her reminiscences and makes them among the most entertaining any singer has produced.

M. L. Elting

Albert Weir's *Encyclopedia of Music* is an assemblage of more than 11,000 factual items of interest to the music enthusiast. In the attempt to achieve compactness, often vital data had to be omitted. Music students may be irritated by the way in which editorial opinion sometimes impinges on fact, as well as by slightly inaccurate statements here and there. But, on the whole, the encyclopedia will serve as an excellent handbook for the layman; its sins both of omission and commission are not of sufficiently great importance to vitiate its value to the average person.

A music critic who fuses shrewd judgment with devastating wit is a phenomenon as precious as it is rare. Hats off to Corno di Bassetto! And hiding behind the whiskers is none other than Bernard Shaw.

Shaw, under the name of that outlandish obsoletism, the basset horn, wrote on musical affairs each Friday morning for two seasons for London's *Morning Star*. Years later — in 1935, to be exact — he gathered his strands, added some further biographical data, and forwarded them to Dodd, Mead, who gave it to the world about a year ago.

One shudders to think that Shaw, with so many accomplishments to his credit, has also an incredibly vast musical background and sensitivity. He certainly was more conversant with the music of the '80's than is any contemporary critic with the music of today.

London Music in 1888–89 expatiates on almost everything under the sun in addition to music — and with equal assurance and irony. Not having space here to reproduce the entire book, I can merely urge you to read it, laugh your insides out, and pray that Messrs. Downes, Gilman, Chotzinoff, and their brood, wherever they may appear in this country, acquire some of Corno di Bassetto's learning and ability to write.

A. W. H.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

THE UNWANTED

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

My comment [on "Whither Refugees?" editorial foreword for November] would be first of all that no one could consider his statement an exaggeration. He indicates 500,000 are now unwanted in Germany. The number is much nearer 1,500,000. He says nothing of the refugees from the Sudeten area, although direct cables to our office indicate that these may run into the hundreds of thousands. He does not refer to the fact that already 250,000 persons have applied for visas in the various foreign consulates in Austria, particularly in Vienna, 65,000 of them having sought entry into the United States.

I would wish to enter a slight protest against the assumption that the humanitarian spirit is extinct except in the United States. As a matter of fact, Switzerland and France, as I happen to know from personal observation, have done a great deal for the refugees, far more from some points of view than the United States has done. As one who has been trying to secure American co-operation in aid to refugees, I am terribly disillusioned with respect to the willingness of America to express its humanitarian feelings practically at this point.

As I read the article, I hoped that Dr. Leach would end by referring to the vast undeveloped areas in Alaska to which one would think we might turn in this emergency as providing possible area of real promise for a settlement of refugees. The cost of transportation, of course, is high and perhaps it is impractical to raise sufficient funds by private means for this purpose. Nevertheless, it seems worth investigating.

As usual, FORUM has dealt with a matter of great importance in a striking and profitable manner, and my own gratitude on this account is very real.

HENRY SMITH LEIPER
Associate Secretary
World Council of Churches
New York, N. Y.

NOT SO SERIOUS

To the Editor:

The article by Alfred S. Campbell entitled, "Is Your Milk Safe?" which appeared in the October number of THE FORUM has come to my attention. . . .

The statement that mastitis is "incurable" is an exaggeration. . . .

. . . The author is apparently uninformed about streptococci and does not realize that certain kinds of streptococci are not only harmless but essential for the making of some of these dairy products.

. . . He states that mastitis "springs up spontaneously." . . . Mastitis is an infectious disease and although the source of infection may not always be known, it nevertheless comes from some place, and in some of the better supervised herds successful measures are being taken to prevent its spread. . . .

. . . The author emphasized the fact that 5,000,000 gallons of unpasteurized milk are drunk every day by American farmers and their families, etc. . . . If the mastitis streptococci were as dangerous as the author implies, we might expect nearly all of these consumers to acquire streptococcus infections, but they do not. . . . Bacteriologists working with the streptococci agree pretty generally that the streptococci which usually cause mastitis in cows seldom, if ever, are harmful to man. . . .

The dairy industry is awakening to the necessity and possibility of controlling bovine mastitis but largely for economic reasons rather than public health reasons. It is apparent that Mr. Campbell has no knowledge of streptococci or bovine mastitis which is worthy of serious attention. His article on "Is Your Milk Safe?" is in the nature of scareline reading, full of misinformation and capable of doing only harm to the reader and to the dairy industry.

J. HOWARD BROWN
The Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Md.

HONOR FOR MAUROIS

To the Editor:

I read that your distinguished FORUM contributor, André Maurois, has been elected a member of the French Academy and will fill the seat that has had only nine occupants since 1634. THE FORUM is a magazine of controversy but many of your subscribers recognize the fact that at the same time you continue a fine literary tradition. We remember that it was THE FORUM that first published André Maurois' *Disraeli* as well as his *Byron* in serial form. Turning the bound copies of THE FORUM we find also ten other distinguished essays by André Maurois during the last decade.

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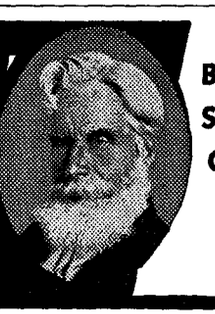

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